PART I.

The property of Lillah McCarthy
Hammels
Boar's Hill
Oxford

"The Dynasts"

PART I

FROM
CURTIS BROWN, LTD.,
6 Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.2.

MISS DICKENS,
TYPEWRITING OFFICE,
28 WELLINGTON STREET
STRAND, W.C.

FORE SCENE

PROLOGUE

READER

In these stern times of ours, when crimson strife
Throws shade on every thoroughfare of life,
Disfigures comely countries with its gore,
And sends back mangled heroes to our shore,
The gift of gifts is sturdy hardihood,
That holds it firm through each vicissitude,
Not only hour by hour, but year by year
If need be till life's lurid skies are clear.

Arrested by perceptions such as this,
We gather that it may not be amiss,-
During the few brief minutes you can spare
From the innumerous needs that call your care,-
To raise up visions of historic wars
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors;
That such reminders of the feats they did
May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid;

Therefore have we essayed to represent,
By our faint means, event upon event
That Europe saw a hundred years ago . . . . .
- What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends;
And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours closest friends.

END OF PROLOGUE

(Metre changes.)

POEMS BY POETS

PROLOGUE

In these stern times of care, when anxious strife
Throws shade on every cheerful sphere of life,
Whilst gloom comes creeping with its pure,
And wants wreak vengeful havoc on our store,
The gift of gaiety is sturdy hardihood,
That holds it flow through each vicissitude,
Not only hour by hour, but year by year
It need be still life's lurid skies are clear.

Arrested by paroxysms such as this,
We gather that it may not be amiss,—
During the brief minutes you can spare
From the inconvenience maybe that call your care,—
To raise up visions of historic wars
And extol the endurance of our ancestors;
That ought reminders of the feats they did
May stimulate hearts now afflicted by lassos bid;

Therefore have we assayed to represent,
By our faint means, events upon event
That before may a hundred years ago . . . . .
- What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Italy Planed herself ban to ambitions ends;
And we are happy in a change that sends
To ranks of nearest neighbours closest friends.

END OF PROLOGUE

(Entre nous.)

CHORUS

(N.B. Both the female figures - or both groups, if more than one figure on each side.)

We'll close up Time, as a bird its van,
We'll traverse space, as Fancy can,
Link doings severed by leagues and years,
Bring cradles into touch with biers,
So that the Consequence ondraws
Close to the rearward of its Cause.

METRE CHANGES)

SEMICHORUS I

(N.B. One female figure - or group)

Now Mellow-eyed Peace is made captive
And Vengeance is chartered
To deal forth its dooms on the Peoples
With sword and with spear.

Men's musings are busy with forecasts
Of musters and battles
And visions of shock and disaster
Rise red on the year.

(N.B. If time is limited those semichoruses could be cut)

SEMICHORUS II

(The opposite figure or group)

The eastermost ruler sits wistful
And tense he to midward,
The King to the west mans his borders
In front and in rear,

While one they eye, flushed from his crowning,
Rank legions around him
To shake the enisled neighbour nation
And close her career!

CHORUS

(N.B. Both the female figures - or both groups, if more than one figure on each side.)

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(ENTER CHARGES)

SEMICHORUS I

(N.B. One female figure - or group)

How Mallow-eyed Peace is made captive
And Vengeance is chartered
To deal forth its dooms on the Peoples
With sword and with spear.

Man's musings are busy with forecasts
Of masters and battles
And visions of shock and disaster
Rise red on the year.

(N.B. If time is limited these semichoruses could be cut)

SEMICHORUS II

(The opposite figure or group)

The easternmost ruler sits wistful
And tense he to midward,
The King to the west mans his borders
In front and in rear,

While one they eye, flushed from his crowning,
Rank legions around him
To shake the unfaled neighbour nation
And close her career!

SCENE I

SEMICHORUS I

O woven-winged squadrons of Toulon
And fellows of Rochefort,
Wait, wait for a wind, and draw westward
Ere Nelson be near!
For he reads not your force, or your freightage
Of warriors fell-handed,
Or when they will join for the onest,
Or whither they steer!

SEMICHORUS II

O Nelson, so zealous a watcher
Through months-long of cruising
Thy foes may elude thee a moment,
Put forth and get clear;
And rendezvous westerly straightway
With Spain's aiding navies,
And hasten to head violation
Of Albion's frontier.

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Wait, wait for a wind, and draw westward
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O Nelson, so zealous a watcher
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Put forth and get clear;
And rendezvous westerly straightway
With Spain's gilding navies,
And hasten to head violation
Of Albion's frontier.

SCENE I

READER — The Scene is laid in England and on a ridge in Wessex. The time is a fine day in March, eighteen hundred and five. A highway crosses the ridge, which is near the sea, and commands a magnificent panorama of the open Channel, stretching under the sun in shining and tumbling waves.

(ENTER PASSENGERS from a stage-coach.)

FIRST PASSENGER — By coming up this footpath we can meet the coach on the ridge, and mount again. It saves the horses a good deal. Ah - here's the Channel! What it means to us in these wars!

(THEY pause)

CHORUS — Hark now, and gather how the martial mood
Stirs England's humblest hearts!

1st PASSENGER — (continuing) There seems to be a deal of traffic over Ridgeway, even at this time o' year.

2nd PASSENGER — Yes. It is because the King and Court are coming down here later on. They wake up this part rarely!.. See, now, how the Channel and coast open out like a chart. There's the Isle of Slingers beyond, like a floating snail. One can see half across to France up here.

1st PASSENGER — Half across. And then another little half, and then all that's behind - the Corsican mischief!

2nd PASSENGER — Yes. People who live hereabout feel the nearness of France more than they do inland.

1st PASSENGER — That's why we have seen so many of these marching regiments on the road . . . . this year his grandest attempt upon us is to be made, I reckon.

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2nd PASSENGER — May we be ready!

1st PASSENGER — Well, we ought to be. We've had alarms enough, God knows!

3rd PASSENGER — I much doubt his intention to come at all!

(Some companies of infantry on the march are heard singing in the road below)

SOLDIERS — (as they walk)

We be the King's men, hale and hearty
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he won't sail, lest the wind should blow
We shall have marched for nothing, O
Right fol-lol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he be sea-sick, says "No, no,"
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-lol!

2nd PASSENGER — Is there any truth in it that Bonaparte wrote a letter to the King last month?

1st PASSENGER — Yes, sir. A letter in his own hand, in which he expected the King to reply to him in the same manner.

SOLDIERS — (continuing, as they pass away)

We be the King's men, hale and hearty
Marching to meet one Buonaparty
Never mind, mates; we'll be merry, though
We may have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-lol!

3rd PASSENGER — And was Boney's letter friendly?

1st PASSENGER — Certainly, sir. He requested peace with the King.

3rd PASSENGER May we be ready!

1st PASSENGER Well, we ought to be. We've had alarms enough, God knows!

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(Some companies of infantry on the march are heard singing in the road below)

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We be the King's men, hale and hearty
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he won't wait, just the wind should blow
We shall have marched for nothing, O
Right fol-lol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he be one-sick, says "Be" no"
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3rd PASSENGER And was Boney's letter friendly?

1st PASSENGER Certainly, sir. He requested peace with the King.

3rd PASSENGER — And why shouldn't the King reply in the same manner?

1st PASSENGER — What! encourage this man in an act of shameless presumption, and give him the pleasure of considering himself the equal of the King of England - whom he actually calls his brother!

3rd PASSENGER — He must be taken for what he is, not for what he was; and if he calls King George his brother it doesn't speak badly for his friendliness.

1st PASSENGER — Whether or no, the King did not reply in person, rightly enough, but through Lord Mulgrave, our Foreign Minister, to the effect that his Britannic Majesty cannot give a specific answer till he has communicated with the Continental powers.

3rd PASSENGER — Both the manner and the matter of the reply are British; but a huge mistake!

1st PASSENGER — Sir, am I to deem you a friend of Bonaparte, a traitor to your country -

3rd PASSENGER — Damn my wig, sir, if I'll be called a traitor by you or any other Court sycophant, at all, at all! (He unpacks a case of pistols from the valise he is carrying.)

2nd PASSENGER — Gentlemen, forbear, forbear! Should such differences be suffered to arise on a spot where we may, in less than three months, be fighting for our very existence? This is foolish. I say, Heaven alone, who reads the secrets of this man's heart, can tell what his meaning and intent may be, and if his letter has been wisely answered or no.

(ENTER A PEDESTRIAN)

SEVERAL PASSENGERS — Any news, sir. We are from Bristol only.

PEDESTRIAN

Yes, much, I have met a London horseman who tells me we have declared war against Spain - an error, giving vast delight to France. Bonaparte says he will date his next despatches from London, and the landing of his army may be daily expected.

(EXIT PEDESTRIAN)

3rd PASSENGER

(to FIRST) Sir, I apologise. He's not to be trusted! War is his name, and aggression is with him.

(EXEUNT PASSENGERS)

PROSTRIAN

Yes, much, I have met a London horseman who tells me we have declared war against Spain - an error, giving vast delight to France. Bonaparte says he will date his next despatches from London, and the landing of his army may be daily expected.

(EXIT PROSTRIAN)

3rd PASSENGER

(To KING) Sir, I apologise. He's not to be trusted! What is his name, and aggression is written him.

(EXEUNT PASSENGERS)

SCENE II

The same.

READER

The scene is the same, but the time is the ensuing summer. The wide view over the Channel includes the popular Royal watering-place with its roadstead, where men-of-war and frigates are anchored. The hour is ten in the morning, and the July sun glows upon a large military encampment.

In front of this are drawn up for review artillery, cavalry, and infantry - under the Duke of Cumberland and officers of the Staff, forming a glittering array as far as the eye can stretch. See in the centre by the Royal Standard, King George on horseback and his suite. In a coach drawn by six cream-coloured horses sits Queen Charlotte with three princesses - in another carriage more Princesses. There are also present the Lord Chancellor and many luminaries of fashion and influence.

The Review proceeds, and the din of many bands mingles with the cheers. The ground behind the saluting point is crowded with spectators.

A SPECTATOR

And you've come to see the sight, like the King and myself? Well, one fool makes many. What a mampus o' folk it is here to-day! And what a time we do live in, between wars and wassailings, the goblin o' Boney, and King George in flesh and blood!

2nd SPECTATOR

Yes, I wonder King George is let venture down on this coast, where he might be snapped up in a moment like a minnow by a heron, so near as we be to the field of Boney's vagaries! Begad, he's as like to land here as anywhere. Gloucester Lodge could be surrounded, and ~~George and Charlotte~~ Their Majesties carried off before he could put on his hat, or she her red cloak and pattens!

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The Review proceeds, and the din of many bands mingles with the cheers. The ground behind the saluting point is crowded with spectators.

And you've come to see the sight, like the King and royalty too!, one fool makes many. What a mercy o' folk it is here to-day! And what a time we do live in, between wars and weaselling, the goblin o' Bony, and King George in flesh and blood!

Yes, I wonder King George is let venture down on this coast, where he might be snapped up in a moment like a minnow by a heron, so near as we be to the field of Bony's vagaries! Begad, he's as like to land here as anywhere. Gloucester Lodge could be surrounded, and George and Charlotte carried off before he could put on his hat, or she her red cloak and pattens!

3rd SPECTATOR 'Twould be no such joke to kidnap 'em as you think. Look at the frigates down there, and every night a double line of sentinels, well primed with beer and ammunition, stretch along the whole front. Then close to the Lodge a guard is mounted after eight o'clock; there be pickets on all the hills; at the Harbour mouth are batteries of twenty four-pounders; six-pounders, and howitzers. And next look at the size of the camp of horse and foot up here.

1st SPECTATOR Everybody however was fairly gallied this week when the King went out yachting, and it got dark, and eight or nine o'clock came, and never a sign of him. I don't know when 'a did land; but 'twas said by all that it was a fool-hardy pleasure to take.

4th SPECTATOR ~~He's a very obstinate and comical old gentleman; and wouldn't make port when asked to.~~

2nd SPECTATOR Lard, Lard, if 'a were nabbed, it wouldn't make a deal of difference! We should have nobody to sing to, and play single-stick to, that's true. And nobody to sign our few documents. But we should rub along some way.

1st SPECTATOR The troopers now passing are the York Hussars - foreigners to a man, except the officers. Back there come the Light Dragoons; what a time they take to get all past! See, the King turns to speak to one of his notables. Well, well! This day will be recorded in history.

(N.B. The following passages bracketted in red may be cut if not time.)

2nd SPECTATOR Or another soon to follow it! (He gazes over the Channel) There's not a speck of an enemy upon that shiny water yet; but the Brest fleet is said to have put to sea, to act in concert with the army crossing from Boulogne; and if so the French will soon be here; when God save us all! I've took to drinking neat, for, says I, one may as well have his innards burnt out as shot out, and 'tis a good deal pleasanter for the man that owns 'em. They say that a cannon-

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(N.B. The following passages bracketted in red may be cut if not time.)

2nd SPECTATOR Or another soon to follow it! (He leans over the Channel) There's not a speck of an enemy upon that shiny water yet; but the Brest fleet is said to have put to sea, to act in concert with the army crossing from Boulogne; and if so the French will soon be here, when God save us all! I've took to drinking neat, for, says I, one may as well have his innards burnt out as shot out, and 'tis a good deal pleasanter for the man that owns 'em. They say that a cannon-

ball knocked poor Jim Popple's maw right up into the futtock-shrouds at the Nile, where 'a hung like a nightcap out to dry. Much good to him his obeying his old mother's wish and refusing his allowance o' rum.

READER

So the review proceeds and ends. The Royal carriages draw off the ground into the town, and the troops march away to the various camps all being over by noon, such being the early hours they kept in those days.

(ENTER two old men with pikes)

1st OLD MAN

Now, Jenn Purchase, once more mark my words. Black'on is the point we've to watch, and not Kingsbere; and I'll tell 'ee for why. If he do land anywhere nereabout 'twill be inside Deadman's Bay, and the signal will straightway come from Black'on. But there thou'st stand, glowering and staring with all thy eyes at Kingsbere! I tell 'ee what 'tis, Jenn Purchase, your brain is softening; and you be getting too old for business of state like ourn!

2nd OLD MAN

You've let your tongue wrack your few rames of good breeding, John.

1st OLD MAN

The words of my Lord-Lieutenant was, whenever you see Kingsbere-Hill Beacon fired to the eastward, or Black'on to the westward, light up; and keep your second fire burning for two hours. Was that our documents or was it not?

2nd OLD MAN

I don't gainsay it. And so I keep my eye on Kingsbere, because that's most likely o' the two, says I.

SCENE III

Rainbarrows' beacon, Egdon Heath.

READER — It is night in mid-August of the same summer, and the scene is still in Wessex. A lofty ridge of heath-land reveals itself dimly, on which stands a hut. In front are two ricks of fuel. These form the beacon for giving the alarm should Bonaparte effect his landing.

In the darkness there is a sense of uninterrupted space around, the view by day extending from the Isle of Wight eastward to Blackdon hill in the west, where another beacon is fixed.

The two beacon-keepers are at hand.

(ENTER two old men with pikes)

1st OLD MAN — Now, Jems Purchase, once more mark my words. Black'on is the point we've to watch, and not Kingsbere; and I'll tell 'ee for why. If he do land anywhere hereabout 'twill be inside Deadman's Bay, and the signal will straightway come from Black'on. But there thou'st stand, glowering and staring with all thy eyes at Kingsbere! I tell 'ee what 'tis, Jems Purchase, your brain is softening; and you be getting too old for business of state like ours!

2nd OLD MAN — You've let your tongue wrack your few rames of good breeding, John.

1st OLD MAN — The words of my Lord-Lieutenant was, whenever you see Kingsbere-Hill Beacon fired to the eastward, or Black'on to the westward, light up; and keep your second fire burning for two hours. Was that our documents or was it not?

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SCENE III

Hainbarrows' beacon, Wyden Heath.

It is night in mid-August of the same summer, and the scene is still in Wessex. A lofty ridge of heath-land reveals itself dimly, on which stands a hut. In front are two racks of fuel. These form the beacon for giving the alarm should Bonaparte effect a landing.

In the darkness there is a sense of uninterrupted space around, the view by day extending from the Isle of Wight eastward to Blackdon Hill in the west, where another beacon is fixed.

The two beacon-keepers are at hand.

(ENTER two old men with pikes)

1st OLD MAN. Now, Jams Purchase, once more mark my words. Black'on is the point we'a to watch, and not Kingsbere; and I'll tell 'ee for why. If he do land anywhere hereabout 'twill be inside Deadman's Bay, and the signal will straightway come from Black'on. But there then'st stand, glowering and staring with all thy eyes at Kingsbere! I tell 'ee what 'tis, Jams Purchase, your brain is softening; and you be getting too old for business of state like ourn!

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2nd OLD MAN. I don't rightly it. And so I keep my eye on Kingsbere, because that's most likely o' the two, says I.

1st OLD MAN — That shows the curious depths of your ignorance. However, I'll have patience, and say on. Didst ever larn geography?

2nd OLD MAN — No. Nor no other corrupt practices.

1st OLD MAN — Tcht-tcht! - Well, I'll have patience and put it to him in another form. Dost know the world is round - eh? I warrant dostn't!

2nd OLD MAN — I warrant I do!

1st OLD MAN — How d'ye make that out, when th'at never been to school?

2nd OLD MAN — I larned it at church, thank God.

1st OLD MAN — Church? What have God A'mighty got to do with profane knowledge. Beware that you baint blaspheming, Jems Purchess!

2nd OLD MAN — I say I did, whether or not. 'Twas the zingers up in gallery that I had it from. They busted out that strong with "the round world and they that dwell therein" that we common fokes down under could do no less than believe 'em.

1st OLD MAN — Canst be sharp enough in the wrong place as usual - I warrant canst! However, I'll have patience with 'en, and say on! - Supposing, now, my hat is the world; and there, as might be, stands the Camp of Belong, where Boney is. The world goes round, so, and Belong goes round too. Twelve hours pass; round goes the world still - so. Where's Belong now?

(A pause. Two other figures, a man's and a woman's, rise against the sky out of the gloom)

(shouldering his pike) Who goes there? Friend or foe? in the King's name!

WOMAN — Piece o' trumpery! "Who goes" yourself! What d'ye talk o', John Whiting! Can't your eyes earn their living any longer, then, that you don't know

1st OLD MAN That shows the curious depths of your ignorance. However, I'll have patience, and say on. Didst ever learn geography?

2nd OLD MAN No. Nor no other corrupt practices.

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2nd OLD MAN I warrant I do!

1st OLD MAN How d'ye make that out, when th'art never been to school?

2nd OLD MAN I learned it at church, thank God.

1st OLD MAN Church? What have God Almighty got to do with profane knowledge. Beware that you paint blasphemies, I warn thee!

2nd OLD MAN I say I did, whether or not. 'Twas the singers up in gallery that I had it from. They bustled out that strong with "the round world and they that dwell therein" that we common folks down under could do no less than believe 'em.

1st OLD MAN Canst be sharp enough in the wrong places as usual - I warrant canst! However, I'll have patience with 'em, and say on! - Supposing, now, my hat is the world; and there, as might be, stands the Camp of Belong, where Bonoy is. The world goes round, so, and Belong goes round too. Twelve hours pass, round goes the world still - so. Where's Belong now?

(A pause. Two other figures, a man's and a woman's, rise against the sky out of the gloom)

(shouldering his pike) Who goes there? Friend or foe? In the King's name!

WOMAN Piece o' trumpery! "Who goes" yourself! What d'ye talk o', John Whitting! Can't your eyes earn their living any longer, then, that you don't know

your own neighbours? 'Tis Private Cantle of the Locals and his wife Keziar, down at Bloom's End - who else should it be!

1st OLD MAN (Lowering his pike) A form o' words, Mis'ess Cantle, no more; ordained by his Majesty's Government to be spoke by all we on sworn duty for the defence o' the country. Strict rank-and-file rules is our only horn of salvation in these times - but, my dear woman, why ever have ye come lumpering up to Rainbarrows at this time o' night?

WOMAN We've been troubled with bad dreams, owing to the firing out at sea yesterday; and at last I could sleep no more, feeling sure that sommat boded of His coming. And I said to Cantle, I'll ray myself, and go up to Beacon, and ask if anything have been heard or seen to-night. And here we be.

1st OLD MAN Not a sign or sound - all's as still as a churchyard. And how is your good man?

PRIVATE Clk! I be all right! I was in the ranks,helping to keep the ground at the review by the King this week. We was a wonderful sight - wonderful! The King said so again and again. - Yes, there was he, and there was I, though not daring to move a' eyebrow in the presence of Majesty. I have come home on a night's leave - off there again to-morrow. Boney's expected every day, the Lord be praised! Yes, our hopes are to be fulfilled soon as we say in the army.

1st OLD MAN There, there; Cantle, don't ye speak quite so large, and stand so over-upright. Your back is as holler as a fire-dog's. Do ye suppose that we on active service here don't know war news? Mind you don't go taking to your heels when the next alarm comes, as you did at last year's.

PRIVATE That had nothing to do with fighting, for I'm as bold as a lion when I'm up, and "Shoulder Pawlocks!"

1st OLD MAN (lowering his pike) A form o' words, Mis'ess Cantle, no more; ordained by his Majesty's Government o' this country. Strict rank-and-file rules is our only horn of salvation in these times - but, my dear woman, why ever have ye come lumpering up to Rainbarrows at this time o' night?

WOMAN We've been troubled with bad dreams, owing to the firing out at sea yesterday; and at last I could sleep no more, feeling sure that someat boded of his coming. And I said to Cantle, I'll ray myself, and go up to Beacon, and ask if anything have been heard or seen to-night. And here we be.

1st OLD MAN Not a sign or sound - all's as still as a churchyard. And how is your good man?

PRIVATE Gi'k! I be all right! I was in the ranks,helping to keep the ground at the review by the King this week. We was a wonderful sight - wonderful! The King said so again and again. - Yes, there was he, and there was I, though not daring to move a' eyebrow in the presence of Majesty. I have come home on a night's leave - off there again to-morrow. Honey's expected every day, the Lord be praised! Yes, our hopes are to be fulfilled soon as we say in the army.

1st OLD MAN There, there, Cantle, don't ye speak quite so large, and stand so over-upright. Your back is as holler as a fire-dog's. Do ye suppose that we on scrive service here don't know war news? Mind you don't go taking to your beds when the next alarm comes, as you did at last year's.

PRIVATE That had nothing to do with fighting, for I'm as bold as a lion when I'm up, and "Bonyfider Pewsooka!"

sounds as common as my own name to me. 'Twas - (Lowering his voice) Have ye heard?

1st OLD MAN — To be sure we have.

PRIVATE — Ghastly, isn't it?

1st OLD MAN — Ghastly! Frightful!

2nd OLD MAN — (to PRIVATE) He don't know what it is! That's his pride and puffery. What is it that's so ghastly - hey?

PRIVATE — Well, there, I can't tell it. 'Twas that that made the whole eighty of our company run away - though we be the bravest of the brave in natural jeopardies, or the little boys wouldn't run after us and call us the "Bang-up-Locals."

WOMAN — (In undertone) I can tell you a word or two on't. It is about His victuals. They say that He lives upon human flesh, and has rashers o' baby every morning for breakfast - for all the world like the Cornel Giant in old ancient times!

2nd OLD MAN — Ye can't believe all ye hear.

PRIVATE — I only believe half. And I only own - such is my challengeful character - that perhaps He do eat pagan infants when He's in the desert. But not Christian ones at home. Oh no - 'tis too much.

WOMAN — Whether or no, I sometimes - God forgie me! - laugh wi' horror at the queerness o't, till I am that weak I can hardly go round house. He should have the washing of 'em a few times; I warrant 'a wouldn't want to eat babies any more!

(A silence, during which they gaze around at the dark dome of starless sky)

2nd OLD MAN — There'll be a change in the weather soon, by the look o't. I can hear the cows moo in Froom Valley as

1st OLD MAN To be sure we have.

PRIVATE Ghastly, isn't it?

1st OLD MAN Ghastly! Frightful!

2nd OLD MAN (to PRIVATE) He don't know what it is! That's
His pride and puffery. What is it that's so ghastly
- hey?

PRIVATE Well, there, I can't tell it. 'Twas that that
made the whole mighty of our company run away -
though we be the bravest of the brave in natural
jeopardies, or the little boys wouldn't run after us
and call us the "Bang-up-Locals."

WOMAN (In undertone) I can tell you a word or two on't.
It is about His victuals. They say that He lives
upon human flesh, and has feasters o' baby every
morning for breakfast - for all the world like the
Great Giant in old ancient times!

2nd OLD MAN Ye can't believe all ye hear.

PRIVATE I only believe half. And I only own - such is my
challengeful character - that perhaps He do eat pagan
infants when He's in the desert. But not Christian
ones at home. Oh no - 'tis too much.

WOMAN Whether or no, I sometimes - God forgive me! -
laugh wi' horror at the queerness o't, till I am that
weak I can hardly go round hooes. He should have the
washing of 'em a few times; I warrant 'a wouldn't
want to eat babies any more!

(A silence, during which they gaze around at
the dark dome of starless sky)

2nd OLD MAN There'll be a change in the weather soon, by the
look o't. I can hear the cows moo in Broom Valley as

if I were close to 'em, and the lantern at Max Turnpike is shining quite plain.

1st OLD MAN — Well, come in and taste a drop o' summat we've got here, that will warm the cockles of your heart as ye wamble homealong. We housed eighty tubs last night for them that shan't be named - landed at Lullwind Cove the night afore. But what light is that on Black'on? It gets bigger, sure-ly!

2nd OLD MAN — He's come!

1st OLD MAN — Come he is, though you do say it! This, then, is the beginning of what England's waited for!

(They stand and watch the light awhile)

2nd OLD MAN — Just what you was praising the Lord for by-now, Private Cantle.

PRIVATE — My meaning was -

WOMAN — (simpering) Oh that I hadn't married a fiery sojer, to make me bring fatherless children into the world, all through his dreadful calling! Why didn't a man of no sprawl content me!

1st OLD MAN — (Shouldering his pike) We can't heed your innocent pratings any longer, good neighbours, being in the King's service, and a hot invasion on. Fall in, fall in, mate. Straight to the tinder-box. Quick March!

(EXEUNT OLD MEN towards hut. PRIVATE and WIFE in other direction. Curtain is lowered for a minute, and when raised discloses the same scene in the light of dawn. The OLD MEN are standing by the embers of the beacon)

(ENTER A PEDESTRIAN)

PEDESTRIAN — I've come to enlighten you and ease your souls. It is a baseless scare.

1st OLD MAN — (to second) He's an inland man. I warrant 'ee,

and don't know history. Let's take no heed of such, comrade.

PEDESTRIAN

But will you not hear,
That what was seen behind the midnight mist
Their oar-blades tossing twinkles to the moon,
Was but a fleet of fishing-craft belated
By reason of the vastness of their hawl!

1st OLD MAN

Hey? And d'ye know it? - Now that I look to the top o' Ridgeway Hill the hurrying folk do seem as come to a pause there. Be this true, never again do I stir my stumps for any alarm short of the day of Judgment. 'Od rot Boney. Now he's made a fool o' me once more. But how if you be one of the enemy (to Pedestrian) sent to sow these tares, so to speak it, these false tidings, and coax us into a fancied safety. Hey, comrade? I don't, after all, care for this story!

2nd OLD MAN

Let's off and see!
If Boney's come 'tis best to be away
And if he's not, why, we've a holiday!

---

and don't know history. Let's take no heed of such,
comrade.

But will you not hear,
That what was seen banked the midnight mist
Their oar-blades tossing twinkles to the moon,
Was but a fleet of fishing-craft belated
By reason of the weakness of their bows!

PEDESTRIAN

1st OLD MAN

Hey? And d'ye know it? - Now that I look to the top o' Ridgeway Hill the hurrying folk do seem as come to a pause there. Be this true, never again do I stir my stumps for any alarm short of the day of Judgment. 'Od rot Boney. Now he's made a fool o' me once more. But now if you be one of the enemy (*to Pedestrian*) sent to sow these tares, so to speak it, these false tidings, and coax us into a fancied safety. Hey, comrade? I don't, after all, care for this story!

2nd OLD MAN

Let's off and away!
If Boney's come 'tis best to be away
And if he's not, Why, we've a holiday!

SCENE IV

READER

The Scene is now the open ocean off Cape Trafalgar. It is daybreak, and the broad face of the waters is fringed on its eastern edge by the Cape and the Spanish shore. On the rolling surface immediately beneath the eye, ranged more or less in two parallel lines are the vessels of the combined French and Spanish navies, whose canvases, as the sun edges upward, shine in its rays like satin.
On the western horizon two columns of ships appear in full sail, small as moths to the distant vision. They are bearing down towards the combined squadrons.

SEMICHORUS I
(Strophe)

At last Villeneuve accepts the sea and fate,
Despite the Cadiz council called of late,
Whereat his stoutest captains - men the first
To do all mortals durst -
Willing to sail, and bleed, and bear the worst,
Short of cold suicide, did yet opine
That plunging mid those teeth of treble line
In jaws of oaken wood
Held open by the English navarchy
With suasive breadth and artful modesty,
Would smack of purposeless foolhardihood.

SEMICHORUS II
(Antistrophe)

But word came, writ in mandatory mood,
To put from Cadiz, gain Toulon, and straight
At a said sign on Italy operate
Moreover that Villeneuve, arrived as planned,
Would find Rosily in supreme command -
Gloomy Villeneuve grows rash, and, darkly brave,
Leaps to meet war, storm, Nelson - even the grave.

SCENE IV

The Scene is now the open ocean off Cape Trafalgar. It is daybreak, and the broad face of the waters is fringed on its eastern edge by the Cape and the Spanish shore. On the rolling surface immediately beneath the eye, ranged more or less in two parallel lines are the vessels of the combined French and Spanish navies, whose canvases, as the sun edges upward, shine in its rays like satin.
On the western horizon two columns of ships appear in full sail, small as moths to the distant vision. They are bearing down towards the combined squadrons.

(Strophe)

At last Villeneuve accepts the sea and fate,
Despite the Cadiz council called of late,
Whereat his scoutest captains - men the first
To do all mortals durst -
Waiting to wail, and bleed, and bear the worst,
Short of cold suicide, did yet opine
That plunging mid those teeth of treble line
In jaws of oaken wood
Held open by the English navarchy
With massive breadth and artful modesty,
Would smack of purposeless foolhardihood.

(Antistrophe)

But word came, writ in mandatory mood,
To put from Cadiz, gain Toulon, and straight
At a cadid sign on Italy operate
Moreover that Villeneuve, arrived as planned,
Would find Nelly in supreme command -
Ghostly Villeneuve grows rash, and, darkly brave,
Leaps to meet war, storm, Nelson - even the grave.

SEMICHORUS I (S) Ere the concussion hurtle, draw abreast
Of the sea.

SEMICHORUS II (A) Where Nelson's hulls are rising from the west,
Silently.

SEMICHORUS I (S) Each linen wing outspread, each man and lad
Sworn to be

SEMICHORUS II (A) Amid the vanmost, or for Death, or glad
Victory!

READER The front of the scene is the deck of the "Bucentaure" the flag-ship of Villeneuve, and thereon are present the admiral himself, his flag-captain MAGENDIE, LIEUTENANT DAUDIGNON, and other naval officers, with seamen.

(ENTER MAGENDIE, VILLENEUVE, DAUDIGNON, etc. etc.)

MAGENDIE All night we have read their signals in the air,
Whereby the peering frigates of their van
Have told them of our trend.

VILLENEUVE The enemy
Makes threat as though to throw him on our stern;
Signal the fleet to wear; bid Gravina
To come in from manoeuvring with his twelve,
And range himself in line.

(OFFICERS murmur)

I say again
Bid Gravina draw hither with his twelve,
And signal all to wear: - and come upon
The larboard tack with every bow anorth! -
So we make Cadiz in the worst event,
And patch our rags up there. As we head now
Our only practicable thoroughfare
Is through Gibraltar Strait - a fatal door!
Signal to close the line and leave no gaps.
Remember, too, what I have already told:

SEMICHORUS I (B) Are the conversation hearts, draw aforesaid
Of the sea.

SEMICHORUS II (A) Where Nelson's hulls are riding from the west,
Silently.

SEMICHORUS I (B) Each items wing outspread, each man and lad
Seem to be

SEMICHORUS II (A) Amid the vanward, or for Death, or glad
Victory!

READING The front of the scene is the deck of the "Thunderer," the flag-ship of Williamson, and thereon are present the admiral himself, his flag-captain MADERTON, LIEUTENANT DARTINGTON, and other naval officers, with seamen.

(MASTER MADERTON, VICE-ADMIRAL DARTINGTON, &c. &c.)

MADERTON All night we have read their signals in the air,
Wisely the peering furtives of their van
Have told them of our friend.

WILLIAMSON The enemy
Makes threat as though to throw him on our starn;
Signal the fleet to wear; bid Drayton
To come in from manoeuvring with his twelve,
And range himself in line.

(OFFICERS RETIRE)

I say again
Bid Drayton draw hither with his twelve,
And signal all to wear: - and come upon
The larboard tack with every sea aboard! -
So we make Cadiz in the worst event,
And pack our rags up there. As we head new
Our only practicable thoroughfare
Is through Gibraltar Strait - a fatal boast!
Signal to close the line and leave no gaps.
Remember, too, what I have already told:

Remind them of it now. They must not pause
For signallings from me amid a strife
Whose chaos may prevent my clear discernment,
Or may forbid my signalling at all.
The voice of honour then becomes the chief's:
Listen they thereto, and set every stitch
To heave them on into the fiercest fight.
Now I will sum up all: heed well the charge:
EACH CAPTAIN, PETTY OFFICER, AND MAN
IS ONLY AT HIS POST WHEN UNDER FIRE.

AN OFFICER — (Straining his eyes towards the English fleet)
How they skip on! Their overcrowded sails
Bulge like blown bladders in a tripeman's shop
The market-morning after slaughterday!

PETTY OFFICER — (Aside)
It's morning before slaughterday with us,
I make so bold to bode!

READER — Now the English Admiral is seen to be signalling to his fleet. The signal is, "England expects every man will do his duty". A loud cheering from all the English ships comes undulating on the wind when the signal is read.

VILLENEUVE — (Looking off)
They are signalling too. - Well, business soon begins
You will reserve your fire. And be it known
That we display no admirals' flags at all
Until the action's past.

MAGENDIE — The foremost one
Makes for the "Santa Ana". In such case
The "Fougueux" might assist her.

VILLENEUVE — Be it so -
There's time enough. - Our ships will be in place,
And ready to speak back in iron words
When theirs cry Hail! in the same sort of voice!

(EXEUNT VILLENEUVE, MAGENDIE, and OFFICERS)

Remind them of it now. They must not pause
For signalling from my mid a strife
Whose chaos may prevent my clear discernment,
Or may forbid my signalling at all.
The voice of honour than becomes the chief's:
Listen they thereto, and set every attack
To heave them on into the fiercest fight.
Now I will sum up all: head well the charge:
EACH CAPTAIN, PRETTY OFFICER, AND MAN
IS ONLY AT HIS POST WHEN UNDER FIRE.

(Straining his eyes towards the English fleet)
How they ship out! Their overcrowded sails
Bulge like blown bladders in a tripeman's shop
The market-morning after slaughterday!

(Aside)
It's morning before slaughterday with us,
I make so bold to bode!

Now the English Admiral is seen to be signalling
to his fleet. The signal is, "England expects
every man will do his duty". A loud cheering
from all the English ships comes undulating on
the wind when the signal is read.

(Looking off)
They are signalling too. - Well, business soon begins
You will reserve your fire. And be it known
That we display no admiral' flags at all
Until the action's past.

The foremost one
Makes for the "Santa Ana". In such case
The "Bucentaure" might assist her.

Be it so -
There's time enough. - Our ships will be in place,
And ready to spank back in iron words
When theirs cry Halt! in the same sort of voice!

(KINGS VILLENEUVE, MAGENDIE, and OFFICERS)

READER

They prepare to receive the northernmost column of the enemy's ships headed by the Victory, trying the distance by an occasional single shot.

During their suspense a discharge bursts southward and turning they behold Collingwood's column engaging the Spanish.

Meanwhile the Victory draws nearer, preserving silence with brazen sang froid. At a concerted moment full broadsides are discharged into her from the Bucentaure, the Santisima Trinidad, and the Redoubtable. When the smoke clears the Victory's mizzen-topmast is seen to have fallen, her wheel to be shot away, and her deck encumbered with dead and wounded.

(RE-ENTER VILLENEUVE, MAGENDIE &c.)

VILLENEUVE

'Tis well! But see; their course is undelayed,
And still they near in clenched audacity!

DAUDIGNON

This northmost column bears upon our beam
Their prows will pierce us thwartwise. That's the aim.

VILLENEUVE

Now comes it! The "Santisima Trinidad,"
The old "Redoubtable's" hard sides, and ours,
Will take the touse of this bombastic blow.
Your grapnels and your boarding-hatchets - ready!
We'll dash our eagle on the English deck,
And swear to fetch it!

CREW

Aye! We swear. Huzza!
Long live the Emperor!

READER

But alas for their intentions! The Victory suddenly swerves to the rear of their ship the Bucentaure, and crossing her stern-waters, discharges a broadside into her endwise, reducing her poop to ruin, and wrapping the scene in clouds of smoke.

They prepare to receive the reinforcement column of
the enemy's ships headed by the Victory, trying the
distance by an occasional single shot.

During their suspense a discharge bursts south-
ward and turning they behold Goldingwood's column
engaging the Spanish.

Meanwhile the Victory draws nearer, preserving
silence with brazen lung fronted. At a concerted
moment full broadsides are discharged into her from
the Buccentaure, the Santisima Trinidad, and the
Redoubtable. When the smoke clears the Victory's
mizzen-topmast is seen to have fallen, her wheel to
be shot away, and her dock encumbered with dead and
wounded.

(RE-ENTER VILLENEUVE, MAGENDIE &c.)

'Tis well! But see; their course is undelayed,
And swift they near in clouded audacity!

This reinforcement column bears upon our beam
Their prows will traverse us thwartwise.That's the aim.

Now comes it! The "Santisima Trinidad,"
The old "Redoubtable's" head sides, and ours,
Will take the torse of this bombastic flow.
Your grapnels and your boarding-hatchets - ready!
We'll dash our eagle on the English deck,
And swear to fetch it!

Aye! We swear. Hurrah!
Long live the Emperor!

But alas for their intentions! The Victory suddenly
swerves to the rear of their ship the Buccentaure, and
crossing her stern-waters, discharges a broadside
into her endwise, reducing her poop to ruin, and
wrapping the scene in clouds of smoke.

S C E N E V

READER

We now pass to the opposite scene in the same memorable struggle - namely the Quarter-Deck of the Victory. We perceive that the van of each division of the English fleet has drawn to the windward side of the combined fleets of the enemy and broken their order, the Victory being now alongside the Redoubtable. A smoke and din of cannonading prevail, amid which the studding-sail booms are shot away.

Nelson, Hardy, Secretary Scott, Lieutenant Pasco, Burke the Purser, Captain Adair of the Marines, and other officers are to be seen at their duties on or near the Quarter deck.

(ENTER NELSON and HARDY)

NELSON

(Looking off)
See there, that noble fellow Collingwood,
How straight he helms his ship into the fire! -
- We must henceforth
Trust to the Great Disposer of events,
And justice of our cause! .....

(EXEUNT NELSON and HARDY)

READER

The battle grows hotter, and a double-headed shot cuts down seven or eight marines on the Victory's poop.

(RE-ENTER NELSON. Speaks off)

NELSON

Captain Adair, part those marines of yours,
And hasten to disperse them round the ship.-
Your place is down below, Burke, not up here;
Ah, yes; like David you would see the battle!

READER

A heavy discharge of musket-shot comes from the tops of the Santisima Trinidad. Adair and Pasco fall. Another swathe of marines is mowed down by chain-shot.

SCENE V

READER We now pass to the opposite scene in the same memorable struggle - namely the Quarter-Deck of the Victory. We perceive that the van of each division of the English fleet has drawn to the windward side of the combined fleets of the enemy and broken their order, the Victory being now alongside the Redoubtable. A smoke and din of cannonading prevail, amid which the studding-sail booms are shot away.

Nelson, Hardy, Secretary Scott, Lieutenant Pasco, Burke the Purser, Captain Adair of the Marines, and other officers are to be seen at their duties on or near the Quarter deck.

(ENTER NELSON and HARDY)

NELSON (looking off)
See there, that noble fellow Collingwood,
How straight he nelms his ship into the fire! -
- We must henceforth
Trust to the Great Disposer of events,
And justice of our cause! .....

(RESUME NELSON and HARDY)

READER The battle grows hotter, and a double-headed shot cuts down seven or eight marines on the Victory's poop.

(RE-ENTER NELSON. Speaks off)

NELSON Captain Adair, part those marines of yours,
And hasten to disperse them round the ship.-
Your place is down below, Burke, not up here,
Ah, yes, like David you would see the battle!

READER A heavy discharge of musket-shot comes from the tops of the Santissima Trinidad. Adair and Pasco fall. Another swathe of marines is mowed down by musket-shot.

(ENTER SCOTT and RE-ENTER HARDY)

SCOTT

My lord, I use to you the utmost prayers
That I have privilege to shape in words:
Remove your stars and orders, I would beg;
That shot was aimed at you .

NELSON

They were awarded to me as an honour,
And shall I do despite to those who prize me,
And slight their gifts? No, I will die with them,
If die I must.

(He walks up and down with HARDY)

HARDY

At least let's put you on
Your old greatcoat, my lord - (the air is keen) -
'Twill cover all. So while you still retain
Your dignities, you baulk these deadly aims.

NELSON

Thank'ee, good friend. But no, - I haven't time,
I do assure you - not a trice to spare,
As you well see.

(NELSON and HARDY EXEUNT together)

READER

A few minutes later Scott falls dead, a bullet having pierced his skull. Immediately after a shot passes between the Admiral and the Captain, tearing the instep of Hardy's shoe, and covering them both with dust and splinters.

(RE-ENTER NELSON and HARDY. NELSON looks off and perceives what has happened to his secretary).

NELSON

Poor Scott, too, carried off! Warm work this, Hardy;
Too warm to go on long.

HARDY

I think so, too;
Their lower ports are blocked against our hull,
And our charge now is less. Each knock so near
Sets their old wood on fire.

(ENTER SCOTT and RE-ENTER HARDY)

My lord, I use to you the utmost prayers
That I have privilege to shape in words:
Remove your stars and orders, I would beg;
That shot was aimed at you.

They were awarded to me as an honour,
And gladly I do despite to those who prize me,
And slight their gifts? No, I will die with them,
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(He walks up and down with HARDY)

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Your old greatcoat, my lord - (the air is keen) -
'Twill cover all. So while you still retain
Your dignities, you banish these deadly aims.

Thank'ee, good friend. But no, - I haven't time,
I do assure you - not a trice to spare,
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Too warm to go on long.

I think so, too;
Their lower ports are blocked against our hull,
And our charge now is less. Each knock so near
Sets their old wood on fire.

NELSON — Ay, rotten as peat.
What's that? I think she has struck, or pretty nigh!

HARDY — Not yet.

(A cracking of musketry).

HARDY — Those small-arm men there, in her tops,
Thin our crew fearfully. Now, too, our guns
Have to be dipped full down, or they would rake
The "Temeraire" there on the other side.

NELSON — True. - While you deal good measure out to these,
Keep slapping at those giants over here -
The "Trinidad", I mean, and the "Bucentaure",
To win'ard - swelling up so pompously.

HARDY — I'll see no slackness shall be shown that way.

(EXEUNT in opposite directions.)

READER — The battle rages on. Gunners, naked to the waist and reeking with sweat, are now in swift action on the several decks, and firemen carry buckets of water hither and thither. The killed and wounded thicken around, and are being lifted and examined by the surgeons.

(RE-ENTER NELSON and HARDY)

NELSON — (Speaking off)
Bid still the firemen bring more bucketfuls,
And dash the water into each new hole
Our guns have gouged in the "Redoubtable,"
Or we shall all be set ablaze together.

HARDY — Let me once more advise, entreat, my lord,
That you do not expose yourself so clearly.
Those fellows in the mizzen-top up there
Are peppering round you quite perceptibly.

NELSON — Now, Hardy, don't offend me. They can't aim;
They only set their own rent sails on fire, -

They only set their own rent nails on fire, -
Now, Hardy, don't offend me. They can't aim;
Are peppering round you quite perceptibly.
Those fellows in the mizzen-top up there
That you do not expose yourself so clearly,
Let me once more advise, entreat, my lord,
Or we shall all be set ablaze together.
Our guns have gouged in the "Redoubtable,"
And dawn the water into each new hole
Mid still the firemen bring more buckets'uls,
Mother and thither. The killed and wounded thicken
around, and are being lifted and examined by the
surgeons.

(RE-ENTER NELSON and HARDY)

(Speaking off)

The battle rages on. Gunners, naked to the waist
and reeking with sweat, are now in swift motion on
the several decks, and firemen carry buckets of water
to win'ard - swelling up so pompously.
To win'ard, I mean, and the "Bucentaure",
The "Trinidad", keep slapping at those giants over here -
True. - While you deal good measure out to these,
Have to be dipped full down, or they would take
The "Temeraire" there on the other side.
Thin our crew fearfully. Now, too, our guns

(A crashing of musketry).

Those small-arm men there, in her tops,

Not yet.

What's that? I think she has struck, or pretty nigh!
Ay, rotten as peat.

But if they could, I would not hide a button
To save ten lives like mine. I have no cause
To prize it, I assure 'ee. - Ah, look there,
One of the women hit, - and badly, too.
Poor wench! Let some one shift her quickly down.

HARDY

My lord, each humblest sojourner on the seas,
Dock-labourer, lame longshore man, bowed bargee,
Sees it as policy to shield his life
For those dependent on him. Much more, then,
Should one upon whose priceless presence here
Such issues hang, so many strivers lean,
Use average circumspection at an hour
So critical for us all.

NELSON

Ay, ay, Yes, yes;
I know your meaning, Hardy; and I know
That you disguise as frigid policy
What really is your honest love of me.
But, faith, I have had my day. My work's nigh done;
I serve all interests best by chancing it
Here with the commonest. - Ah, their heavy guns
Are silenced every one! Thank God for that.

HARDY

'Tis so. They only use their small arms now.

(He goes to larboard looks off, and then EXIT)

OFFICER

(To a seaman)
Swab down these stairs. The mess of blood about
Makes 'em so slippery that one's like to fall
In carrying the wounded men below.

(N.B. ? shall this speech be spoken off)

READER

Now comes the tragedy of the day. While Captain Hardy is still a little way off Lord Nelson turns to walk aft, when a ball from one of the muskets in the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable enters his left shoulder. He falls upon his face on the deck.

HARDY

(Hastily RE-ENTERING and crossing stage)
Ah - what I feared, and strove to hide I feared! ...

(EXIT HARDY - RE-ENTERING with NELSON borne

But if they could, I would not hide a button.
To save ten lives like mine. I have no cause
To prize it, I assure 'ee. - Ah, look there,
One of the woman hit, - and badly, too.
Poor wench! Let some one shift her quickly down.

My lord, each humblest sojourner on the seas,
Dock-labourer, lame longshore man, bowed bargee,
Sees it as policy to shield his life
For those dependent on him. Much more, then,
Should one upon whose predecease presence here
Such issues hang, so many strivers lean,
Use average circumspection at an hour
So critical for us all.

Ay, ay, Yes, yes;
I know your meaning, Hardy; and I know
That you disguise as frigid policy
What really is your honest love of me.
But, faith, I have had my day. My work's nigh done;
I serve all interests best by quenching it
Here with the commonest. - Ah, their heavy guns
Are silenced every one! Thank God for that.

'Tis so. They only use their small arms now.

(He goes to larboard looks off, and then EXIT)

(To a gunner)

Swab down these scuppers. The mess of blood about
Makes 'em so slippery that one's like to fall
In carrying the wounded men below.

(N.B. ? shall this speech be spoken off)

Now comes the tragedy of the day. While Captain
Hardy is still a little way off Lord Nelson turns to
walk aft, when a ball from one of the muskets in the
mizzen-top of the Redoubtable enters his left
shoulder. He falls upon his face on the deck.

(Hastily RE-ENTERING and crossing stage)

Ah - what I feared, and since to hide I feared! ...

(EXIT HARDY - RE-ENTERING with NELSON borne

by SERGEANT-MAJOR SICKER and two seamen).

NELSON — Hardy, I think they've done for me at last!

HARDY — I hope not!

NELSON — Yes. My backbone is shot through.
I have not long to live.

(The men prepare to carry him below)

Those tiller ropes
They've torn away, get instantly repaired!

(At sight of him borne along wounded there is great agitation among the crew)

(N.B. I have not stated if any, or how many, of these and other characters, are on stage - not knowing the precise arrangement of business)

Cover my face. There will no good be done
By drawing their attention off to me.
Bear me along, good fellows: I am but one
Among the many darkened here to-day!
(to the Chaplain)
Doctor, I'm gone. I am waste o' time to you.

(EXIT NELSON, borne out.)

HARDY — Hills, go to Collingwood and let him know
That we've no Admiral here.

(He passes on)

A LIEUTENANT — Now quick and pick him off who did the deed -
That white-bloused man there in the mizzen-top.

POLLARD
(A midshipman) (Shooting)
No sooner said than done. A pretty aim!

(by SERGEANT-MAJOR SICKER and two seamen).

NELSON — Hardy, I think they've done for me at last!

HARDY — I hope not!

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I have not long to live.

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Doctor, I'm gone. I am waste o' time to you.

(EXIT NELSON, borne out.)

HARDY — Hills, go to Collingwood and let him know
That we've no Admiral here.

(He passes on)

A LIEUTENANT — Now quick and pick him off who did the dead -
That white-flowered man there in the mizzen-top.

POLLARD (A midshipman) (Shooting)
No sooner said than done. A pretty aim!

S C E N E VI

READER — We have descended to the Cockpit of the "Victory" and the scene is a midshipman's berth, dimly lit by a lantern.

(NELSON discovered lying undressed.)

(DR BEATTY, DR MAGRATH, DR SCOTT, THE CHAPLAIN BURKE, THE PURSER, THE STEWARD, and others, stand around.)

MAGRATH — (In a low voice)
Poor Ram, and poor Tom Whipple, have just gone.

NELSON — (Brokenly)
Who have just died?

BEATTY — Two who were badly hit by now, my lord;
Lieutenant Ram and Mr.Whipple.

NELSON — Ah! -
So many lives - in such a glorious cause .....
I join them soon, soon, soon! - O where is Hardy?
Will nobody bring Hardy to me - none?
He must be killed, too. Surely Hardy's dead?

A MIDSHIPMAN — He's coming soon, my lord. The constant call
On his full heed of this most mortal fight.
Keeps him from hastening hither as he would.

NELSON — I'll wait, I'll wait. I should have thought of it.

(Presently HARDY comes down.)

(NELSON and he grasp hands)

Hardy, how goes the day with us and England?

SCENE VI

We have descended to the Cockpit of the "Victory" and the scene is a midshipman's berth, dimly lit by a lantern.

(NELSON discovered lying undressed.)

(DR BEATTY, DR MAGRATH, DR SCOTT, THE CHAPLAIN BURKE, THE PURSER, THE STEWARD, and others, stand around.)

(In a low voice)
Poor Ram, and poor Tom Whipple, have just gone.

(Brokenly)
Who have just died?

Two who were badly hit by now, my lord;
Lieutenant Ram and Mr. Whipple.

Ah! -
So many lives - in such a glorious cause .....
I join them soon, soon, soon! - O where is Hardy?
Will nobody bring Hardy to me - none?
He must be killed, too. Surely Hardy's dead?

He's coming soon, my lord. The constant call
On his full head of this most mortal fight.
Keeps him from hastening hither as he would.

I'll wait, I'll wait. I should have thought of it.

(Presently HARDY comes down.)

(NELSON and he grasp hands)

Hardy, how goes the day with us and England?

(N.B. The following passage bracketted in red may be cut if not time.)

HARDY

Well; very well, thank God for't, my dear lord.
Villeneuve their Admiral has this moment struck,
And put himself aboard the "Conqueror."
Some fourteen of their first-rates, or about,
Thus far we've got. [The said "Bucentaure" chief:
The "Santa Ana", the "Redoubtable,"
The "Fougueux," the "Santisima Trinidad,"
"San Augustine", "San Francisco," "Aigle";
And our old "Swiftsure", too, we've grappled back,
To every seaman's joy. But now their van
Has tacked to bear round on the "Victory"
And crush her by sheer weight of wood and brass:
Three of our best I am therefore calling up,
And make no doubt of worsting theirs, and France.]

NELSON

That's well. I swore for twenty. - But it's well.

HARDY

We'll have 'em yet! But without you, my lord,
We have to make slow plodding do the deeds
That sprung by inspiration ere you fell;
And on this ship the more particularly.

NELSON

No, Hardy. - Ever 'twas your settled fault
So modestly to whittle down your worth.
But I saw stuff in you which admirals need
When, taking thought, I chose the "Victory's" keel
To do my business with these braggarts in.
A business finished now, for me! - Good friend,
Slow shades are creeping on me .... I scarce see you

HARDY

The smoke from ships upon our win'ard side,
And the dust raised by their worm-eaten hulks,
When our balls touch 'em, blind the eyes, in truth.

NELSON

No; it is not that dust; 'tis dust of death
That darkens me.

(A shock overhead)

(HARDY goes up)

(N.B. The following passage bracketted in red may be cut if not time.)

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The "Santa Ana", the "Redoubtable,"
The "Bourbeux," the "Santissima Trinidad,"
"San Augustino", "San Francisco," "Algle";
And our old "Swiftsure", too, we've grappled back,
To every seaman's joy. But now their van
Has tacked to bear round on the "Victory"
And crush her by sheer weight of wood and brass:
Three of our best I am therefore calling up,
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When our bells tower 'em, blind the eyes, in truth.

NELSON

No; it is not that dust; 'tis dust of death
That darkens me.

(A shock overhead)

(HARDY goes up)

(One or two other officers go up, and by and by return)

What was that extra noise?

OFFICER

The "Formidable" passed us by, my lord,
And thumped a stunning broadside into us.-
But, on their side, the "Hero's" captain's fallen;
The "Algeciras" has been boarded, too,
By Captain Tyler, and the captain shot:
Admiral Gravina desperately holds out;
They say he's lost an arm.

NELSON

And we ourselves -
Who have we lost on board here? Nay, but tell me!

BEATTY

Besides poor Scott, my lord, and Charles Adair,
Lieutenant Ram, and Whipple, Captain's clerk,
There's Smith, and Palmer, midshipmen, just killed,
And fifty odd of seamen and marines.

NELSON

Poor youngsters! Scarred old Nelson joins you soon.

BURKE

That fellow in the mizzen-top, my lord,
Who made it his affair to wing you thus,
We took good care to settle; and he fell
Like an old rook, smack from his perch, stone dead.

NELSON

'Twas not worth while! - He was, no doubt, a man
Who in simplicity and sheer good faith
Strove but to serve his country. Rest be to him!
And may his wife, his friends, his little ones,
If such he had, be tided through their loss,
And soothed amid the sorrow brought by me.

(HARDY RE-ENTERS)

Who's that? Ah - here you come! How, Hardy, now?

HARDY

The Spanish Admiral's rumoured to be wounded,
We know not with what truth. But, be as 'twill,
He sheers away with all he could call round,
And some new frigates, straight to Cadiz port.

(One or two other officers go up, and by and by return)

What was that extra noise?

The "Formidable" passed us by, my lord,
And thumped a stunning broadside into us.-
But, on their side, the "Hero's" captain's fallen;
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There's Smith, and Palmer, midshipman, just killed,
And fifty odd of seamen and marines.

Poor youngsters! Scarred old Nelson joins you soon.

That fellow in the mizzen-top, my lord,
Who made it his affair to wing you thus,
We took good care to settle; and he fell
Like an old hook, smack from his perch, stone dead.

'Twas not worth while! - He was, no doubt, a man
Who in simplicity and sheer good faith
Strove but to serve his country. Rest be to him!
And may his wife, his friends, his little ones,
If such he had, be tided through their loss,
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He sinnere away with all he could call round,
And some new frigates, straight to Cadiz port.

NELSON (Arousing)
Our course will be to anchor. Let them know.

HARDY
But let me ask, my lord, as needs I must,
Seeing your state, and that our work's not done,
Shall I, from you, bid Admiral Collingwood
Take full on him the conduct of affairs?

NELSON (Trying to raise himself)
Not while I live, I hope! No, Hardy; no.
Give Collingwood my order. Anchor all!

HARDY (Hesitating)
You mean the signal's to be made forthwith?

NELSON
I do - By God, if but our carpenter
Could rig me up a jury-backbone now,
To last one hour - until the battle's done.
I'd see to it! But there I am - stove in -
Broken - all logged and done for! Done, ay done!

BEATTY (Returning from the other wounded)
My lord, I must implore you to lie calm.
You shorten what at best may not be long.

NELSON (Exhausted)
I know, I know, good Beatty! Thank you well.
Hardy, I was impatient. Now I am still.
Sit here a moment, if you have time to spare?
(Suddenly)
What are you thinking, that you speak no word?

HARDY (Waking from a short reverie)
Thoughts all confused, my lord:- their needs on deck,
Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar -
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking inconsciously this bloody hour,
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe.

NELSON (Arousing)
Our course will be to another. Let them know.

HARDY But let me ask, my lord, as needs I must,
Seeing your state, and that our work's not done,
Shall I, from you, bid Admiral Collingwood
Take full on him the conduct of affairs?

NELSON (Trying to raise himself)
Not while I live, I hope! No, Hardy; no.
Give Collingwood my order. Another all!

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You mean the signal's to be made forthwith?

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I'd see to it! But there I am - alove in -
Broken - all logged and done for! Done, by done!

BRATTY (Returning from the other wounded)
My lord, I must implore you to lie calm.
You shorten what at best may not be long.

NELSON (Embraced)
I know, I know, good Beatty! Thank you well.
Hardy, I was impatient. How I am still.
Sit here a moment, if you have time to spare?
(Suddenly)
What are you thinking, that you speak no word?

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Your own sad state, and your unrivalled peer;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar -
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking inconsolately this bloody hour,
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe.

NELSON

Ay, thus do little things
Steal into my mind, too. But ah, my heart
Knows not your calm philosophy! - There's one -
Come nearer to me, Hardy - One of all,
As you will guess, pervades my memory now;
She, and my daughter - I speak freely to you.
'Twas good I made that codicil this morning
That you and Blackwood witnessed. Now she rests
Safe on the nation's honour .... Let her have
My hair, and the small treasured things I owned,
And take care of her, as you care for me!

(HARDY promises)

(Resuming in a murmur)
Does love die with our frame's decease, I wonder,
Or does it live on ever? ....

(A silence. BEATTY reapproaches.)

HARDY

Now I'll leave,
See if your order's gone, and then return.

NELSON

(More weakly)
Yes, Hardy; yes; I know it. You must go. -
Here we shall meet no more; since Heaven forfend
That care for me should keep you idle now,
When all the ship demands you. Beatty, too,
Go to the others who lie bleeding there;
Them you can aid. Me you can render none!
My time here is the briefest. - If I live
But long enough I'll anchor .... But - too late -
My anchoring's elsewhere ordered! ....Kiss me,Hardy!

(HARDY bends over him)

I'm satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!

(HARDY brushes his eyes with his hand, and withdraws, pausing to look back before he finally disappears)

BEATTY

(Watching NELSON)
Ay! - Hush around! .....

NELSON

Ay, time do little things
Steal into my mind, too. But ah, my heart
Knows not your calm philosophy! - There's one -
Come nearer to me, Hardy - One of all,
As you will guess, pervades my memory now;
She, and my daughter - I speak freely to you.
'Twas good I made that verdict this morning
That you and Blackwood witnessed. Now the feats
Safe on the nation's honour .... Let her have
My hair, and the small treasured things I owned,
And take care of her, as you care for me!

(HARDY promises)

(Resuming in a murmur)
Does love die with our frame's decease, I wonder,
Or does it live on ever? ....

(A silence. BEATTY reappreaches.)

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But long enough I'll anchor .... But - too late -
My anchoring's elsewhere ordered! ....Kiss me,Hardy!

(HARDY bends over him)

I'm satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!

(HARDY bridles his eyes with his hand, and
withdraws, pausing to look back before he
finally disappears)

BEATTY

(Watching NELSON)
Ay! - Hush around! .....

He's sinking. It is but a trifle now
Of minutes with him. Stand you, please, aside,
And give him air.

(BEATTY, THE CHAPLAIN, MAGRATH, THE STEWARD, and attendants continue to regard NELSON. BEATTY looks at his watch)

Two hours and fifty minutes since he fell,
And now he's going.

(They wait. NELSON dies.)

CHAPLAIN

Yes ..... He has homed to where
There's no more sea.

BEATTY

We'll let the Captain know,
Who will confer with Collingwood at once.
I must now turn to these.

He's stinking. It is but a trifle now
Of minutes with him. Stand you, please, aside,
And give him air.

(BEATTY, THE CHAPLAIN, MADBRAIN, THE STEWARD,
and attendants continue to regard NELSON.
BEATTY looks at his watch)

Two hours and fifty minutes since he fell,
And now he's going.

(They wait. NELSON dies.)

CHAPLAIN

Yes ..... He has homed to where
There's no more sea.

BEATTY

We'll let the Captain know,
Who will confer with Collingwood at once.
I must now turn to these.

SCENE VII

READER — Now we have to transfer ourselves to London, and to a scene in front of the Guildhall. A crowd of citizens has gathered there to watch the carriages as they drive up and deposit guests invited to the Lord Mayor's banquet, for which event the Hall is brilliantly lighted up. A cheer rises when the equipage of any popular personage arrives at the door.

(ENTER a crowd of CITIZENS - or they are discovered.)

1st CITIZEN — Well, well! Nelson is the man who ought to have been banquetted to-night. But he is coming to Town in a coach different from these!

2nd CITIZEN — Will they bring his poor splintered body home?

1st CITIZEN — Yes. They say he's to be tombed in marble, at St. Paul's or Westminster. We shall see him if he lays in state. It will make a patriotic spectacle for a fine day.

BOY — How can you see a dead man, father, after so long?

1st CITIZEN — They'll embalm him, my boy, as they did all the great Egyptian admirals.

BOY — His lady will be handy for that, won't she?

1st CITIZEN — Don't ye ask awkward questions.

2nd CITIZEN — Here's another coming!

1st CITIZEN — That's my Lord Chancellor Eldon. Wot he'll say, and wot he'll look! - Mr. Pitt will be here soon.

BOY — I don't like Billy. He killed Uncle John's parrot.

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(ENTER a crowd of CITIZENS - or they are discovered.)

1st CITIZEN — Well, well! Wilson is the man who ought to have been banqueted to-night. But he is coming to Town in a coach different from these!

2nd CITIZEN — Will they bring his poor splintered body home?

1st CITIZEN — Yes. They say he's to be tombed in marble, at St. Paul's or Westminster. We shall see him if he lays in state. It will make a patriotic spectacle for a fine day.

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2nd CITIZEN — Here's another coming!

1st CITIZEN — That's my Lord Chancellor Eldon. Wot he'll say, and wot he'll look! - Mr. Pitt will be here soon.

BOY — I don't like Pitt. He killed Uncle John's parrot.

2nd CITIZEN — How may ye make that out, youngster?

BOY — Mr Pitt made the war, and the war made us want sailors; and Uncle John went for a walk down Wapping High Street to talk to the pretty ladies one evening; and there was a press all along the river that night - and Uncle John was carried on board a man-of-war to fight under Nelson; and nobody minded Uncle John's parrot, and it talked itself to death. So Mr.Pitt killed Uncle John's parrot; see it, sir?

2nd CITIZEN — You had better have a care of this boy, friend. His brain is too precious for the common risks of Cheapside. Not but what he might as well have said Boney killed the parrot when he was about it. And as for Nelson - who's now sailing shinier seas than ours, if they've rubbed Her off his slate where he's gone to, - the French papers say that our loss in him is greater than our gain in ships; so that logically the victory is theirs. Gad, sir, it's almost true!

(A hurrahing is heard: crowd shows excitement.)

1st CITIZEN — He's coming, he's coming! Here, let me lift you up, my boy. - Why, they have taken out the horses, as I am man alive!

(The following passages bracketted in red may be cut if not time.)

2nd CITIZEN — Pitt for ever! - Why, here's a blade opening and shutting his mouth like the rest, but never a sound does he raise!

3rd CITIZEN — I've not too much breath to carry me through my day's work, so I can't afford to waste it in such luxuries as crying Hurrah to aristocrats. If ye was ten yards off y'd think I was shouting as loud as any.

How may we make that out, Youngsters?

Mr Pitt made the war, and the war made us want
matters; and Uncle John went for a walk down Wapping
High Street to talk to the pretty ladies one
evening; and there was a press all along the river
that night - and Uncle John was carried on board
a man-of-war to fight under Nelson; and nobody
minded Uncle John's parrot, and it talked itself
to death. So Mr.Pitt killed Uncle John's parrot;
and it, sir?

You had better have a care of this boy, friend.
His brain is too precious for the common risks of
Cheapside. Not but what he might as well have paid
Tonsy killed the parrot when he was about it. And
as for Nelson - who's new exciting spirit sees then
ours, if they've rubbed Mr off his slate where he's
gone to, - the French papers say that our Jess in
him is greater than our pain in stripe, so that
logically the victory is theirs. Dad, sir, it's
almost time!

(A bottle is heard: crowd shows excite-
ment.)

He's coming, he's coming! Here, let me lift
you up, my boy. - Why, they have taken out the
horses, as I am man alive!

(The following passage is bracketed in red
may be cut if not time.)

Pitt for ever! - Why, here's a black opening and
shutting its mouth like the rest, but never a sound
does he raise!

I've not too much breath to carry me through my
day's work, so I can't afford to waste it in mean
inquiries as crying Hurrah to strangers. If Je
was ten yards off I'd think I was shouting as loud
as any.

2nd CITIZEN
BOY
2nd CITIZEN
1st CITIZEN
2nd CITIZEN
3rd CITIZEN

2nd CITIZEN — It's a very mean practice of ye to husband yourself at such a time, and gape in dumbshow like a frog in Plaistow Marshes.

3rd CITIZEN — No, sir; it's economy; a very necessary instinct in these days of ghastly taxations to pay half the armies of Europe! In short, in the words of the Ancients, it is scarcely compass-mentas to do otherwise! Somebody must save something, or the country will be as bankrupt as Mr.Pitt himself is, by all account; though he don't look it just now.

READER — PITT's coach arrives, drawn by a troop of running men and boys. The Prime Minister is seen within, a thin, erect, up-nosed figure, with a flush of excitement on his usually pale face. The vehicle reaches the doorway to the Guildhall and halts with a jolt. PITT is seen getting out shakily, and amid cheers enters the building.

4th CITIZEN — Quite a triumphal entry. Such is power;
Now worshipped, now accursed! The overthrow
Of all Pitt's European policy
When his hired army and his chosen general
Surrendered them at Ulm a month ago,
Is now forgotten! Ay; this Trafalgar
Will botch up many a ragged old repute,
Make Nelson figure as domestic saint
No less than country's saviour, Pitt exalt
As zenith-star of England's firmament,
And uncurse all the bogglers of her weal
At this adventurous time.

3rd CITIZEN — Talk of Pitt being ill. He looks hearty as a buck

1st CITIZEN — It's the news. - no more. His spirits are up like a rocket for the moment.

BOY — Is it because Trafalgar is near Portingal that he loves Port wine?

2nd CITIZEN — Ah, as I said, friend; this boy must go home and be carefully put to bed!

2nd CITIZEN It's a very mean practice of ye to husband your-
self at such a time, and gape in dumbshow like a
frog in Plaistow Marshes.

3rd CITIZEN No, sir; it's economy; a very necessary instinct
in these days of ghastly taxations to pay half the
armies of Europe! In short, in the words of the
Anglesea, it is scarcely compass-months to do other-
wise! Somebody must save something, or the country
will be as bankrupt as Mr.Pitt himself is, by all
account; though he don't look it just now.

PITT's coach arrives, drawn by a troop of running
men and boys. The Prime Minister is seen within, a
thin, erect, up-nosed figure, with a flush of ex-
citement on his usually pale face. The vehicle
reaches the doorway to the Guildhall and halts with
a jolt. PITT is seen getting out sharply, and amid
cheers enters the building.

4th CITIZEN Quite a triumphal entry. Such is power;
Now waylaughed, now accursed! The overthrow
Of all Pitt's European policy
When his hired army and his chosen general
Surrendered them at Ulm a month ago,
Is now forgotten! Ay; this Trafalgar
Will botch up many a ragged old repute,
Make Nelson figure as domestic saint
No less than country's saviour, Pitt exalt
As south-star of England's firmament,
And ensnare all the boggiers of her west
At this adventurous time.

3rd CITIZEN Talk of Pitt being ill. He looks hearty as a buck

1st CITIZEN It's the news. - no more. His spirits are up
like a rocket for the moment.

BOY Is it because Trafalgar is near Portugal that
he loves Port wine?

2nd CITIZEN Ah, as I said, friend; this boy must go home and
be carefully put to bed!

1st CITIZEN

Well, whatever William's faults, it is a triumph for his virtues to-night!

READER

PITT having disappeared into the Guildhall, the doors are closed, and the crowd disperses,

(Lights turned down ?)

till the street shows itself empty and dark, only a few oil lamps burning.
Within the Guildhall

(Lights turned up ?)

amid the brilliant assembly of City magnates, Lords, and Ministers seated there, Mr.Pitt occupies a chair of honour by the Lord Mayor. The dinner being over, his health is proposed as that of the Saviour of England. It is drunk with acclamations. After repeated calls he stands up and replies.

PITT

(Heard within)
My lords and gentlemen:- You have toasted me
As one who has saved England and her cause.
I thank you, gentlemen, unfeignedly.
But - no man has saved England, let me say:
England has saved herself, by her exertions:
She will, I trust, save Europe by her example!

(N.B. If impracticable to hear PITT within, his speech must be quoted by READER - But I fancy the voice of PITT would be more impressive.)

CHORUS

Those words of this man Pitt - his last large words,
As I may prophesy - that ring to-night
In their first mintage to the feasters here,
Will spread with ageing, lodge, and crystallize,
And stand embedded in the English tongue
Till it grow thin, outworn, and cease to be.-

1st CITIZEN

READER

PITT

CHORUS

Well, whatever Pitt's faults, it is a triumph
for his virtues to-night!

PITT having disappeared into the Guildhall, the
doors are closed, and the crowd disperses.

(Lights turned down ?)

Within the Guildhall
for oil lamps burning.
All the scene shows itself empty and dark, only a

(Lights turned up ?)

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of honour by the Lord Mayor. The dinner being
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(N.B. It impracticably be heard PITT within,
his speech must be quoted by READER - But I
fancy the voice of PITT would be more im-
pressive.)

Those words of this man Pitt - his last large words,
As I may prophesy - that ring, to-night
In their first message to the Senatore here,
With echoed with Lords, and crystallize,
And stand embedded in the English tongue
Till it grow thin, unworn, and cease to be.-

So is't ordained by That Which all ordains;
For words were never winged with apter grace,
Or blent with happier choice of time and place,
To hold the imagination of this strenuous race.

Obiit about
Caeli & Pueri.

S C E N E VIII

READER — We next find ourselves at King George's watering-place again; and we enter the "Old Rooms" inn, where they are discussing the death of Nelson.

(The interior of an inn is discovered. Boatmen and burghers sit round the fire, smoking long pipes and drinking from tall pint cups)

1st BURGHER — So they've brought him home at last, hey? And he's to be solemnized with a roaring funeral?

1st BOATMAN — Yes, thank God ... 'Tis better to lie dry than wet, if canst do it without stinking on the road graveward. And they took care that he shouldn't.

2nd BOATMAN — 'Tis to be at Paul's; so they say that know. And the crew of the "Victory" have to walk in front, and Captain Hardy is to carry his stars and garters on a great velvet pincushion.

1st BURGHER — Where's the Captain now?

2nd BOATMAN — (Nodding in the direction of Captain Hardy's house) Down at home here biding with his own folk a bit. I zid en walking with them on the Esplanade yesterday. He looks ten years older than he did when he went. Ay - he brought the galliant hero home!

2nd BURGHER — Now how did they bring him home so that he could lie in state afterwards to the naked eye?

1st BOATMAN — Well, as they always do, - in a cask of sperrits.

2nd BURGHER — Really, now!

1st BOATMAN — (Lowering his voice) But what happened was this. They were a long time coming, owing to contrary winds, and the "Victory" being little more than a wreck. And grog ran short, because they'd used near

SCENE VIII

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Yes, thank God ... 'Tis better to lie dry than wet, if count do it without sinking on the road grave-warde. And they took care that he should'n't.

'Tis to be at Paul's, so they say that know. And the crew of the "Victory" have to walk in front, and Captain Hardy is to carry his stars and garters on a great velvet pincushion.

Where's the Captain now?

(Nodding in the direction of Captain Hardy's house) Down at home here bidding with his own folk a bit. I sid on walking with them on the Esplanade yester-day. He looks ten years older than he did when he went. Ay - he brought the gallant here home!

Now how did they bring him home so that he could lie in state afterwards to the naked eye?

Well, as they always do, - in a cask of apperrits.

Really, now!

(Lowering his voice) But what happened was this. They were a long time coming, owing to contrary winds, and the "Victory" being little more than a wreck. And grog ran short, because they'd used near

all they had to peckle his body in. So - they broached the Adm'l.

2nd BURGHER — How?

1st BOATMAN — Well, the plain calendar of it is, that when he came to be unhooped, it was found that the crew had drunk him dry. What was the men to do? Broke down by the battle, and hardly able to keep afloat, 'twas a most defendable thing, and it fairly saved their lives. So he was their salvation after death as he had been in the fight. If he could have knowed it, 'twould have pleased him down to the ground! How'a would have laughed through the spigot-hole: "Draw on, my hearties! Better I shrivel than you famish." Ha-ha!

2nd BURGHER — It may be defendable afloat; but it seems queer ashore.

1st BOATMAN — Well, that's as I had it from one that knows - one of the "Victory" men that's going to walk in the funeral. However, let's touch a livelier string. Peter Green, strike up that new ballet that they've lately had prented here, and were hawking about town last market-day.

2nd BOATMAN — With all my heart. Though my wyndpipe's a bit clogged since the wars have made beer so mortal small!

SONG

THE NIGHT OF TRAFALGAR

I

In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand,
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones of thousands are,

2nd BOATMAN — With all my heart. Though my wyndpipe's a bit clogged since the wars have made beer so mortal small!

1st BOATMAN — Well, that's as I had it from one that knows - one of the "Victory" men that's going to walk in the funeral. However, 'tis a touch a livelier stirring. Peter Green, strike up that new ballet that they've lately had pranted here, and were hawking about town last market-day.

2nd BOATMAN — Now?

1st BOATMAN — Well, the plain calendar of it is, that when he came to be unhooped, it was found that the crew had drunk him dry. What was the man to do? Broke down by the battle, and hardly able to keep afloat, 'twas a most defendable thing, and it fairly saved their lives. So he was their salvation after death as he had been in the fight. If he could have knowed it, 'twould have pleased him down to the ground! How's would have laughed through the apple-hole: "Draw on, my hearties! Better I arrived than your tawdry." He-ha!

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2nd BOATMAN — With all my heart. Though my wyndpipe's a bit clogged since the wars have made beer so mortal small!

SONG

THE NIGHT OF TRAFALGAR

I

In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were flooded with sand,
And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones of thousands are,

We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgár
(ALL) Had done,
Had done,
For us at Trafalgár!

II

"Pull hard, and make the Nothe, or down we go!" one says, says he.
We pulled; and bedtime brought the storm; but snug at home slept we.
Yet all the while our gallants after fighting through the day,
Were beating up and down the dark, sou'-west of Cadiz Bay.

The dark,
The dark,
Sou'-west of Cadiz Bay!

III

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed and tore,
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that surly shore;
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near and far,
Were rolled together on the deep the night at Trafalgár!

The deep,
The deep,
That night at Trafalgár!

READER

Meanwhile the month moves on to counter-deeds,
Vast as the vainest needs,
And fiercely the predestined plot proceeds.

END OF 1st PART

PART II.

The property of Lady Keeble
Hamnels
Boar's Hill
Oxford

PART

MANNER Let us now be allowed to carry your thoughts out upon the open sea between the English coasts and the Spanish Peninsula, and set your imaginations to perceive four groups of moth-like transport ships, silently skimming this wide liquid plain. A south-east wind is blowing strong, and by tacking this way and that they labour forward.

CHORUS (S & A) Fair are these fleets that cross the sea
From British ports and bays
To coast that "[illegible]" southwardly
Behind the [illegible]

SEMICHORUS I (S) They are the ships [illegible] sent
To bar the bold Belligerent
Who [illegible]
[illegible] these hulls, like sheep a-pen
Are packed in thousands fighting-men
[illegible] in command.

SEMICHORUS II (A) [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Dynasts

PART II.

From
CURTIS BROWN, LTD.,
6 Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.2.

MISS DICKENS,
TYPEWRITING OFFICE,
28 WELLINGTON STREET
STRAND, W.C.

STRAND, W.C.

PART 2.

Scene 1.

READER — Let us now be allowed to carry your thoughts out upon the open sea between the English coasts and the Spanish Peninsula, and set your imaginations to perceive four groups of moth-like transport ships, silently skimming this wide liquid plain. A south-east wind is blowing strong, and by tacking this way and that they labour forward.

CHORUS (S & A)

Fair are these fleets that cross the sea
From British ports and bays
To coasts that glister southwardly
Behind the dog-day haze!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

They are the shipped battalions sent
To bar the bold Belligerent
Who stalks the Dancers' Land.
Within these hulls, like sheep a-pen
Are packed in thousands fighting-men
And colonels in command.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The fleet that leans each aery fin
Far south, where Mondego mouths in,
Bears Wellesley and his aides therein,
And Hill, and Craufurd, too;
With Torrens, Ferguson, and Fane,
And majors, captains, clerks, in train,
And those grim needs that appertain -
The surgeons - not a few!
To them add near twelve thousand souls
In linesmen that the list enrolls,
Borne onward by those sheeted poles
As war's red retinue!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

The fleet that clears St Helen's shore
Holds Burrard, Hope, ill-omened Moore,
Clinton and Paget; while
The transports that pertain to those
Count six-score sail, whose planks enclose
Ten thousand rank and file.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The third-sent ships, from Plymouth Sound,
With Acland, Anstruther, impound
Souls to six thousand strong.
While those, the fourth fleet, that we see
Far back, are lined with cavalry,
And guns of girth, wheeled heavily
To roll the routes along.

READER

Enough, and more, of inventories and names!
Many will fail; many earn doubtful fames.
Await the fruitage of their acts and aims.

S C E N E II.

The action is now in Spain.
The fears of many have become facts, and misfortune has dogged the battalions we saw crossing the sea from the English coast to succour the Spanish against Napoleon, One slight victory, and then retreat, in the face of regiments three times as numerous as those England sent.

It has been decided to fall back upon C oruna, and the weary army finds itself on a road near Astorga. The season is the beginning of January, the country is covered with snow, and the road is encumbered with heavy traffic that churns the snow to a yellow mud.

Many desert, and accompanied by fugitive women and children take shelter in ruined houses by the wayside.

SCENE:- the interior of a cellar with a window at the back. In the gloom are heaps of straw in which ragged figures are lying, some men in the uniforms of English line regiments. Most are drunk. Those awake con template the traffic outside window - the retreating English army under Sir John Moore.
Feet are seen passing window.

1st DESERTER Now he's one of the Eighty-first, and he's neither firelock nor knapsack. I'd gladly let that poor blade know that we've all that man can wish for here - good wine and buxom women. But if I do, we shan't have room for ourselves - hey?

2nd DESERTER (drowsily) He may be the Eighty-first , or th'Eighty second; but what I say is, without fear of contradiction, I wish to the Lord I was back in old Bristol again. I'd sooner have a nipperkin of our own real "Bristol milk" than a mash-tub of this barbarian wine!

SCENE II.

The action is now in Spain.
The fears of many have become facts, and misfortune has dogged the battalions we saw crossing the sea from the English coast to encounter the Spanish against Napoleon. One slight victory, and then retreat, in the face of regiments three times as numerous as those England sent.

It has been decided to fall back upon Corunna, and the weary army finds itself on a road near Astorga. The season is the beginning of January, the country is covered with snow, and the road is encumbered with heavy traffic that churns the snow to a yellow mud.

Many desert, and accompanied by fugitive women and children take shelter in ruined houses by the wayside.

SCENE:- the interior of a cellar with a window at the back. In the gloom are heaps of straw in which ragged figures are lying, some men in the uniforms of English line regiments. Meat are drunk. Those awake con translate the traffic outside window - the retreating English army under Sir John Moore.

Feet are seen passing window.

Now he's one of the Eighty-first, and he's neither firelock nor knapsack. I'd gladly bet that poor Wade know that we've all that man can wish for here - good wine and buxom women. But if I do, we shan't have room for ourselves - hey?

(drowsily) He may be the Eighty-first, or th'Eighty second; but what I say is, without fear of contradiction, I wish to the Lord I was back in old Bristol again. I'd sooner have a nipperkin of our own real "Bristol milk" than a mash-tub of this barbarian wine!

3rd DESERTER 'Tis like thee to be ungrateful, after putting away such a skinful on't. I am as much Bristol as thee, but would as soon be here as there. There ain't near such willing women, that are strict respectable, too there as hereabout, and no open cellars. As there's many a slip in this country I'll have the rest of my allowance now.

(He crawls on his elbows to a barrel, and turning on his back lets the wine run down his throat)

4th DESERTER (to a 5th, who is snoring.) Don't treat us to such a snoaching there, mate. Here's some more coming, and they'll sight us if we don't mind!

1st DESERTER (a new passing of feet being seen) Here's something more in order, or I am much mistaken. (He cranes out) Yes, a sergeant of the Forty-third, and what's left of their second battalion.

(ENTER SERGEANT. He has a racking cough, but endeavours by stiffening himself up, to hide how it is wasting his life. He pauses and looks at them, who stare stupidly back.)

SERGEANT You are no good to friend or enemy!
(EXIT)

1st DESERTER (again looking out) By God - not far behind I see shining helmets. 'Tis a whole squadron of French dragoons!

VOICE OF SERGEANT (outside) Now show your nerve and be men. If you die to-day you won't have to die to-morrow! Fall in - - -Quick maw-w-w-ch!

4th DESERTER (to a woman lying beside him) What d'ye think o' that, my honey! It fairly makes me a man again. Come, wake up! We must be getting along somehow.

'Tis like thee to be ungrateful, after putting away such a skilful cut. I am as much Britain as thee, but would as soon be here as there. There ain't near such willing women, that are strict respectable, too there as hereabout, and no open cellars. As there's many a slip in this country I'll have the rest of my allowance now.

(He crawls on his elbows to a barrel, and turning on his back lets the wine run down his throat)

(to a 5th, who is snoring.) Don't treat us to such a snoozling there, mate. Here's some more coming, and they'll alght us if we don't mind!

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(WINTER STRAGGLE. He has a reeking cough, but endeavours by stiffening himself up, to hide how ill is wasting his life. He pauses and looks at them, who stare stupidly back.)

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(again looking out) By God - not far behind I see shining helmets. 'Tis a whole squadron of French dragoons!

(outside) Now show your nerve and be man. If you die to-day you won't have to die to-morrow! Fall in - - Quick mar-r-r-ch!

(to a woman lying beside him) What d'ye think o' that, my honey! It fairly makes me a man again. Come, wake up! We must be getting along somehow.

(he regards the woman more closely) Why - my little chick? Look here, friends.

(They look and the woman is found to be dead)

If I didn't think that her poor knees felt cold! . . . And only an hour ago I swore I'd marry her!

(N.B. - the following passages bracketted in red can be omitted if time presses.)

3rd DESERTER — 'Tis the same for us but for this heap of straw.

4th DESERTER — Ah - my doxy is the only one of us who is safe and sound.

5th DESERTER — (incoherently, in his sleep) Poise fawlocks - open pans - right hands to pouch - handle ca'tridge - bring it - quick motion - bite top well off - prime - shut pans - cast about - load -

1st DESERTER — (throwing a shoe at the sleeper) Shut up that! D'ye think you are a 'cruity in the awkward squad still?

2nd DESERTER — I don't know what he thinks, but I know what I feel! Would that I were at home in England again, where there's old-fashioned tipple. and a proper God A'mighty instead of this eternal 'ooman and baby; ay, at home a-leaning against old Bristol Bridge, and no questions asked, and the winter sun slanting friendly over Baldwin Street as 'a used to do! 'Tis my very belief, though I have lost all sure reckoning, that if I were there, and in good health, 'twould be New Year's day about now. What it is over here I don't know. Ay, to-night we should be a-setting in the tap of the 'Adam and Eve' - .ifting up the tune of 'The Light o' the Moon'. 'Twer a romantical thing enough. 'A used to go som'at like this.

(he regards the woman more closely) Why - my little
onion? Look here, friends.

(They look and the woman is found to be dead)

If I didn't think that her poor knees felt cold . .
And only an hour ago I swore I'd marry her!

(N.B. - the following passages bracketted in
red can be omitted if time presses.)

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(he sings in a nasal tone.)

"O, I thought it had been day
And I stole from her away;
But it proved to be the light o' the moon."

(Officer with patrol enters the cellar. Inmates bury themselves in the straw. Officer peers about, and prods straw with his sword.)

VOICES (under the straw) Oh! Hell! Stop it! We'll come out! Mercy! Quarter!

(The lurkers are uncovered.)

OFFICER If you are well enough to sing bawdy songs, you are well enough to march. So out of it - or you'll be shot, here and now!

SEVERAL You may shoot us, Captain, or the French may shoot us, or the devil may take us; wed don't care which! Only we can't stir. Pity the women, captain, but do what you will with us!

CHORUS Quaint poesy , and real romance of war!

READER Mock on, Shades, if thou wilt! But others find
Poesy ever lurk where pit-pats poor mankind!

(He sings in a nasal tone.)

"O, I thought it had been day
And I stole from her sway;
But it proved to be the light o' the moon."

(Officer with patrol enters the cellar.
Inmates bury themselves in the straw. Officer
pokes about, and prods straw with his sword.)

(under the straw) Oh! Hell! Step it! We'll come
out! Mercy! Quarter!

(The Yankees are uncovered.)

If you are well enough to sing dandy songs, you
are well enough to march. Go out of it - or you'll
be shot, here and now!

You may shoot us, Captain, or the French may shoot
us, or the devil may take us; and don't care which!
Only we can't exist. Pity the women, captain, but do
what you will with us!

Quaint posey , and real romance of war!

Back on, Shadow, if thou wilt! But others find
Posey ever Junk where pit-pats poor mankind!

SCENE III.

The same.

READER — It is nearly mid-night. The fugitives are awakened by a new tramping of cavalry, which becomes more and more persistent. It is the French, who now fill the road.

Presently come the Imperial Guard, and then along the same road , Napoleon, with his staff. Ha! - a courier overtakes him! He orders those round him to halt.

NAPOLEON — Let there a fire be lit; ay, here and now .
The lines within these letters brook no pause
In mastering their purport.

2nd DESERTER — Lord, Lord, It's Boney himself indeed. There's his cocked hat, his chin, and his nose! We be shot corpses! Why didn't I stick to England, and true doxology, and leave foreign doxies and their wine alone! . . . .Mate, can ye squeeze another shardful from the cask there, for I feel my time is come! . . . O, that I had but the barrel of that firelock I throwed away, and that wasted powder to prime and load! This bullet, I chaw to squench my hunger would do the rest! . . . Yes, I could pick him off now!

1st DESERTER — You lie low with your picking off, or he may pick off you. Maybe we shan't be noticed, if we've but the courage to do nothing, and keep hid.

NAPOLEON — Another of their dead horses here, I see.

OFFICER — Yes, sire. We have counted eighteen hundred odd
From Benavente hither, pistoled thus.

NAPOLEON — And what's the tale of waggons we've picked up?

OFFICER — Spanish and all abandoned, some four hundred;
Of magazines and firelocks, full ten load;
And stragglers and their girls a numerous crew.

SCENE III.

The same.

It is nearly mid-night. The fugitives are awakened by a new tramping of cavalry, which becomes more and more perpetual. It is the French, who now fill the road.

Frequently come the Imperial Guard, and then along the same road, Napoleon, with his staff. Ha! - a courier overtakes him! He orders those round him to halt.

Let there a fire be lit; ay, here and now.
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In mastering their purport.

Lord, Lord, It's Boney himself indeed. There's his cocked hat, his chin, and his nose! We be shot corpses! Why didn't I stick to England, and true doxology, and leave foreign doxies and their wine alone! . . . Mate, can ye squeeze another shred from the cask there, for I feel my time is come! . . O, that I had but the barrel of that firelock I threwed away, and that wasted powder to prime and load! This inlet, I chew to squench my hunger would do the react! . . . Yea, I could pick him off now!

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And strongfers and their girls a numerous crew.

NAPOLEON

Ay, devil - plenty those! Licentious ones
These English, as all canting peoples are. -
And prisoners?

OFFICER

Seven hundred English, sire;
Spaniards five thousand more.

NAPOLEON

'Tis not amiss.
To keep the new year up they run away!
Nor Pitt nor Fox displayed such blundering
As glares in this campaign! It is, indeed,
Enlarging Folly to Foolhardiness
To combat France by land! But how expect
Aught that can claim the name of government
From Canning, Castlereagh, and Perceval,
Caballers all - poor sorry politicians -
To whom has fallen the luck of reaping in
The Harvestings of Pitt's bold husbandry.
So this is their reply! They have done with me!
Britain declines negotiating further -
Flouts France and Russia indiscriminately.
"Since one dethrones and keeps as prisoners
The most legitimate kings" - that means myself -
The other suffers their unworthy treatment
For sordid interests" - that's for Alexander! . . .
And what is Georgy made to say besides? -
"Pacific overtures to us are wiles
- The devil take their lecture! What am I,
That England should return such insolence?
Now as to hostile signs in Austria . . . .
Ah, swords to cross with her some day in spring!
Thinking me cornered over here in Spain
She speaks without disguise, the covert pact
'Twixt her and England owning now quite frankly,
Careless how works its knowledge upon me.
She, England, Germany: well - I can front them!
Now eastward. Ohe!
The Orient likewise looms full sombrely . . .
Is Soult the Duke Dalmatia yet at hand?

OFFICER

He has arrived along the Leon Road
Must now, your Majesty; and only waits
The close of your perusals.

The close of your pertness.
Must now, your Majesty; and only waits
He has arrived along the Leon Road

Is Soult the Duke Dalmatia yet at hand?
The Orient likewise loose full sombrely . . .
She, England, Germany: well - I can trust them!
Now eastward. Ohe!
Cyrelsan how works its knowledge upon me.
'Twixt her and England owning now quite frankly,
She speaks without disguise, the covert pact
Thinking me cornered over there in Spain
Ah, swords to crowns with her soon day in spring!
Now as to hostile signs in Austria . . .
That England should return such lukewarmness?
- The devil take their lecture! What am I,
"Poetic overtures to us are wiles
And what is Poetry made to any Bonaparte -
For sordid interests" - that's for Alexander! . . .
The other vulture their unworthy treachment
The most legitimate kings" - that means myself -
"Since one dethrones and keeps as prisoners
Bluous Prance and Russia indeterminately.
Britain declines negotiating further -
So this is their reply! They have done with me!
To whom has fallen the luck of reaping in
Cabaliers all - poor sorry politicians -
From Canning, Castlereagh, and Perceval,
Ought that can claim the name of government
To combat France by land! But now expect
To keep the new year up they run away!
Nor Pitt nor Fox displayed such blundering
As glares in this campaign! It is, indeed,
Maltering folly to Wellingtonness
Seven hundred English, etc;
Seventeen five thousand more.

'Tis not mine.
Ay, devil - plenty those! Liaentions once
These English, to all meeting peoples etc. -
And prisoners?

1st DESERTER — Good Lord deliver us from all great men, and take me back to humble life again! That's Marshal Soult the Duke of Dalmatia!

2nd DESERTER — The Duke of Damnation for our poor rear, by the look on't!

1st DESERTER — Yes, - he'll make 'em rub their poor rears before he has done with 'em! But we must overtake 'em to-morrow by a cross-cut, please God!

NAPOLEON — Here's matter enough for me, Duke, and to spare
The ominous contents are like the threats
The ancient prophets dealt rebellious Judah!
Austria we soon shall have upon our hands,
And England still is fierce for fighting on, -
Strange humour in a concord-loving land!
So now I must to Paris straight away!
At least, to Valladolid; so as to stand
More apt for couriers than I do out here -
Ney is not yet, I gather, quite come up?

SOULT — He's near , sire, on the Benavente road;
But some hours to the rear I reckon, still.

NAPOLEON — Him I'll direct to come to your support
In this pursuit and harassment of Moore
Wherein you take my place. You'll follow up
And chase the flying English to the sea.
Bear hard on them the bayonet at their loins.
To Ney I am writing that, in case of need,
He will support with Marchand and Mathieu. -
Your total thus of seventy thousand odd,
Ten thousand horse, and cannon to five score,
Should near annihilate this British Force,
And carve a triumph large in history.
I move into Astorga, then turn back,
(though only in my person do I turn)
And leave to you the destinies of Spain.

CHORUS — More turning may be here than he designs.
In this small, sudden swift turn backward, he
Suggests one turning from his apogee!

Good Lord deliver us from all proud men, and take
me back to humble life again! That's Marshal Soult
the Duke of Dalmatia!

The Duke of Dalmatia! The Duke of Dalmatia!
Look on!

Yes, - he'll make 'em rub their poor years before he
has done with 'em! But we must overtake 'em to-morrow
by a cross-cut, please God!

Here's matter enough for me, Duke, and to spare
The ominous contents are like the thrusts
The ancient prophets dealt recklessly Vadni!
Austria we soon shall have upon our hands,
And England still is fierce for fighting on, -
Strange rumour in a concord-loving land!
So now I must to Paris straight away!
As James, to Valladolid; so as to attend
More apt for courtcle than I do out here -
Roy is not yet, I gather, quite come up?

He's near, else, on the Benavente road;
But some hours to the rear I reckon, still.

Him I'll direct to come to your support
In this pursuit and harassment of Soore
Whereon you take my place. You'll follow up
And chase the flying English to the sea.
Bear hard on them the beyonet at their loins.
To Ney I am writing that, in case of need,
He will support with Foundard and Bertlon. -
Your total thus of seventy thousand odd,
Ten thousand horse, and cannon to five score,
Should near annihilate this British Force,
And carve a triumph large in history.
I move into Asturge, then turn back,
(though only in my person do I turn)
And leave to you the dominion of Spain.

More turning may be here than he designs.
In this small, sudden swift turn backward, he
Suggests one turning from his stogged!

SCENE LV

Before Coruna.

READER

The retreating forces have now got as far along the road as to the hills immediately outside the town and harbour of Coruna. On these hills the little English army - a pathetic fourteen thousand of foot only - is just deploying into line.

This harassed force now appears as if composed of quite other than the men observed in the Retreat straggling along like vagabonds. Yet they are the same men - suddenly stiffened by the satisfaction of standing to the enemy at last.

They resemble a double palisade of red stakes, the only gaps being those that the melancholy necessity of scant numbers entails.

Over the heads of these red men is behld on the outer hills the twenty thousand French that have been pushed along the road at the heels of the English by Soult. They have an ominous superiority over the slender lines of English foot, in position, in abundance of cavalry and artillery.

It is getting on for two o'clock, and there is a stir among the French. The clash ensues, the English being swept down in swathes by the enemy's artillery. In the valley the fight grows furious. The English are sorely pressed.

Intelligence of this is brought to Sir John Moore. He goes forward; he leads in person the 42nd regiment and a battalion of the Guards, who bear the enemy back. Moore's gestures in cheering them are notably energetic. Pursuers, pursued and Sir John himself, pass out of sight behind the hill.

(stage darkens)

The early January evening has begun to spread its shades. Shouts of dismay are heard from behind the hill over which Moore and the advancing lines have vanished.

SCENE IX

Before Corunna.

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(stage darken)

The early January evening has begun to spread its shades. Shouts of dismay are heard from behind the hill over which Moore and the advancing lines have vanished.

(straggling soldiers cross in the gloom)

1st STRAGGLER He's struck by a cannon ball, that I know; but he's not killed, that I pray God A'mighty.

2nd STRAGGLER Better he were. His shoulder is knocked to a bag of splinters. As Sir David was wounded, Sir John was anxious that the right should not give way, and went forward to keep it firm.

1st STRAGGLER He didn't keep you firm, howsomever.

2nd STRAGGLER Nor you, for that matter.

1st STRAGGLER Well, 'twas a serious place for a man with no priming horn, and a character to lose; so I judged it best to fall to the rear by lying down. A man can't fight by the regulations without his priming horn, and I am none of your slovenly anyhow fighters.

2nd STRAGGLER 'Nation, having dropped my flint-pouch, I was the same. If you'd had your priming horn, and I my flints, mind ye, we should have been there now? Then, forty-whory, that we are not is the fault o'Government for not supplying new ones from the reserve.

1st STRAGGLER What did he say as he led us on?

2nd STRAGGLER "Forty-second, remember Egypt!" I heard it with my own ears. Yes, that was his strict testament.

1st STRAGGLER "Remember Egypt." Ay, and I do, for I was there! . . . Upon my salvation, here's for back again, whether or no!

2nd STRAGGLER But here. "Forty-second, remember Egypt," he said in the very eye of that French battery playing through us. And the next omen was that he was struck off his horse, and fell on his back to the ground. I remembered Egypt, and what had just happened, too. so thorough well that I remembered the way over this wall! - Captain Hardinge, who was close to him, jumped off his horse, and he and one in the ranks lifted him, and are now bringing him along.

(staggering soldiers cross in the gloom)

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1st STRAGGLER Nevertheless, here's for back again, come what will. Remember Egypt! Hurrah!

(EXIT FIRST STRAGGLER)

(SECOND STRAGGLER ponders, then suddenly follows first)

(ENTER in the obscurity six soldiers of the Forty-second, bearing Sir John Moore on their joined hands. CAPTAIN HARDINGE walks beside and steadies him. He is laid down.)

(ENTER COLONEL GRAHAM and CAPTAIN WOODFORD)

GRAHAM The wound is more than serious, Woodford, far.
Ride for a surgeon - one of those, perhaps,
who tend Sir David Baird.

(EXIT CAPTAIN WOODFORD)

HARDINGE I'll loose the sword - it bruises, you, Sir John.
(He begins to unbuckle it.)

MOORE No! Let it be! One hurt more matters not.
I wish it to go off the field with me.

HARDINGE I like the sound of that. It augurs well
For your much-hoped recovery.

MOORE (looking sadly at his wound.)
Hardinge, no;
Nature is nonplussed there! My shoulder's gone,
And this left side laid open to my lungs.
There's but a brief breath now for me, at most . . . .

(ENTER SIR JOHN HOPE)

MOORE (brightly)
Ah, Hope! - I am doing badly here enough;
But they are doing rarely well out there.

(Presses HOPE's hand.)

1st STRADDLER Nevertheless, here's for back again, come what will. Remember Kaye! Hurrah!

(EXIT FIRST STRADDLER)

(SECOND STRADDLER ponders, then suddenly follows first)

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And this left side laid open to my lungs.
There's but a brief breath now for me, at most . . .

(ENTER SIR JOHN HOPE)

MOORE (brightly)

Ah, Hope! - I am doing badly here enough;
But they are doing nobly well out there.

(Presses HOPE's hand.)

Don't leave! my speech may flag with this fierce pain
But you can talk to me - are the French checked?

HOPE

My dear friend , they are borne back steadily.

MOORE

(his voice weakening)
I hope that England - will be satisfied -
I hope my native land will do me justice! . . .
I shall be blamed for sending Craufurd off
Along the Orense road. But had I not,
Bonaparte would have headed us that way . . . .

HOPE

O, would that Soult had but accepted battle
By Lugo town! We should have crushed him there.

MOORE

Yes . . . yes. - But it has never been my lot
To owe much to good luck; nor was it then.
Good fortune has been mine, but,
(bitterly)
mostly so
By the exhaustion of all shapes of bad!
Well, this does not become a dying man;
And others have been chastened more than I
By Him who holds us in His hollowed hand! . . .
I grieve for Zaragosa if, as said,
The siege goes sorely with her, which it must.
But I must leave such now - You'll see my friends
As early as you can? Tell them the whole;
Say to my mother . . . . (His voice fails)
Hope, Hope, I have so much to charge you with,
But weakness clams my tongue! . . If I must die
Without a word with Stanhope, ask him, Hope,
To - name me to his sister. You may know
Of what there was between us? . . . .
Is Colonel Graham well, and all my aides?
My will I have made - it is in Colborne's charge
With other papers.

HOPE

He's now coming up.

(ENTER MAJOR COLBORNE , principal aide-de-camp)

MOORE

Are the French beaten, Colborne, or repulsed?
Alas! you see what they have done to me!

COLBORNE — I do, Sir John; I am more than sad thereat!
In brief time now the surgeon will be here.
The French retreat - pushed from Elvina far.

MOORE — That's good! Is Paget anywhere about?

COLBORNE — He's at the front, Sir John.

MOORE — Remembrance to him!

(ENTER two SURGEONS)

Ah doctors - you can scarcely mend me up. -
And yet I feel so tough - I have feverish fears
My dying will waste a long and tedious while;
But not too long, I hope!

SURGEONS — (after a hasty examination)
You must be borne
In to your lodgings instantly, Sir John
Please strive to stand the motion - if you can;
They will keep step, and bear you steadily.

MOORE — Anything . . . Surely fainter ebbs that fire?

COLBORNE — Yes; we must be advancing everywhere;
Colbert, their General, too, they have lost, I learn.

(They lift him, by stretching their sashes under the blanket, and begin moving off.)

(Cheerful shouts.)

MOORE — A-ha! 'Tis this way I have wished to die!

(EXEUNT slowly in the twilight MOORE, bearers, surgeons, etc.)

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MOORE — A-ha! 'Tis this way I have wished to die!

(EXEUNT slowly in the twilight MOORE, bearers, surgeons, etc.)

Omit quotations from funeral service.

SCENE V.

Coruna. Near the ramparts.

The back-cloth of scene represents a wall.

READER

It is just before dawn on the following morning, and we are at Coruna, near the ramparts. In a nook of the walls a lantern glimmers. Some English soldiers of the Ninth regiment are hastily digging a grave.

A voice is heard some distance off beginning the burial service, and there comes a slow procession. The bearers carry a body, with a military cloak thrown over it by way of pall. It is followed by several officers, a chaplain preceding.

(ENTER two SOLDIERS with spades, and wiping faces, as if they had just stepped out of a grave.)

1st SOLDIER

(looking off.)
They are here, almost as quickly as ourselves.
There is no time to dig much deeper now;
Level a bottom just as far's we've got.
He'll couch as calmly in this scrabbled hole
As in a royal vault!

2nd SOLDIER

Would it had been a foot deeper, here among foreigners, with strange manures manufactured out of no one knows what! Surely we can give him another six inches!

1st SOLDIER

There is no time. Just make the bottom true.

(ENTER HOPE, HARDINGE, COLBORNE, CHAPLAIN etc.)

CHAPLAIN

(facing off, soldier holding lantern to his book)
"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

SCENE V.

Gorma. Near the ramparts.

The back-cloth of scene represents a wall.

It is just before dawn on the following morning, and we are at Gorma, near the ramparts. In a nook of the walls a lantern glimmers. Some English soldiers of the Ninth regiment are busily digging a grave.

A voice is heard some distance off beginning the burial service, and there comes a slow procession. The bearers carry a body, with a military cloak thrown over it by way of pall. It is followed by several officers, a chaplain preceding.

(ENTER two SOLDIERS with spades, and wiping faces, as if they had just stepped out of a grave.)

(looking off.)

They are here, almost as quickly as ourselves.
There is no time to dig much deeper now;
Level a bottom just as fast's we've got.
He'll cozen as calmly in this nefarious hole
As in a royal vault!

Would it had been a foot deeper, here among foreigners, with strange manure manufactured out of no one knows what! Surely we can give him another mix inches!

There is no time. Just make the bottom true.

(ENTER ROSE, HARDINGE, COLONEL, CHAPLAIN etc.)

(facing off, neither holding lantern to his book)
"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time
to live and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is
cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a
shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

(A gun is heard, then another.)

COLBORNE (in a low voice.)
I knew that dawn would see them open fire.

HOPE We must perforce make swift use of our time.
Would we had closed our too sad office sooner!

(More firing. They glance gloomilty around and then towards the grave off stage.)

CHAPLAIN "We, therefore, commit his body to the ground. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

(Another gun. They put out the lantern. Continue firing.)

HOPE In mercy to the living, who are thrust
Upon our care for their deliverance
And run much hazard till they are embarked ,
We must abridge these duties to the dead,
Who will not mind be they abridged or no.

HARDINGE And could he mind, would be the man to bid it . . .

HOPE We shall do well, then, curtly to conclude
These mutilated prayers - our hurried best! -
And what's left unsaid, feel.

CHAPLAIN (his words broken by the cannonade.) . . "We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world . . Who also hath taught us not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him . . .Grant this, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer."

OFFICERS & SOLDIERS Amen!

SCENE VI.

(Spain. Albuera.)

READER

Let us now pass to another spot in the same Peninsula - one which bears a famous name - Albuera.
The dawn of a mid-May day in the spring of the same year shows the village with the country round it, as viewed from the summit of a line of hills on which the English and their Allies are ranged under Beresford.
A creeping brook at the bottom of the heights joins the main stream by the village. Behind the stream some French forces are visible. Away behind these stretches a great wood. The birds in the wood, unaware that this day is to be different from every other day they have known there, are heard singing their overtures with their usual serenity.

CHORUS

(S. and A.)

We see red smears upon the sickly dawn,
And seeming drops of gore. On fields below
Are men - unnatured and mechanic drawn -
Mixt nationalities in row and row.
Wheeling them to and fro
In moves dissociate from their souls' demand
For Dynasts ends that few even understand!

SEMICHORUS I
(S.)

Day comes! The stir of strife grows well defined
Around the hamlet and the church thereby;
Till, from the wood, the ponderous columns wind,
Guided by Godinot, with Werle nigh.
They bear upon the vill. But the gruff guns
Of Dickson's Portugese
Punch spectral vistas through the maze of these! . . .
More Frenchmen press, and roaring antiphone
Of cannonry contuse the roofs and walls and trees.

SEMICHORUS II
(A.)

Wrecked are the ancient bridge, the green spring plot,
The blooming fruit-tree, the fair flower-knot!

SCENE VI.

(Spain. Alhuera.)

Let us now pass to another spot in the same Peninsula - one which bears a famous name - Alhuera.

The dawn of a mid-May day in the spring of the same year shows the village with the country round it, as viewed from the summit of a line of hills on which the English and their Allies are ranged under Beresford.

A creeping brook at the bottom of the heights joins the main stream by the village. Behind these stretches a great wood. The bride-elect from every other day they have known there, are heard singing their overtures with their usual acrimony.

In the wood, unaware that this day is to be different from every other day they have known there, numbers of the French forces are visible. Away the stream some French forces are visible. Away behind these stretches a great wood. The bride-elect from every other day they have known there, are heard singing their overtures with their usual acrimony.

We see red smears upon the sickly dawn,
And seeming crops of corn. On fields below
Are men - unnatured and mechanic drawn -
Mixt nationalities in row and row.
Wheeling them to and fro
In moves disparate from their souls' demand
For Dynasts ends that few even understand!

Day comes! The stir of strife grows well defined
Around the hamlet and the church thereby;
Till, from the wood, the pandæan columns wind,
Guided by Godinot, with Werle nigh.
They bear upon the hill. But the first fume
Of cannonry continues the reels and wells and trees.
More Frenchmen press, and roaring multitudes
Smash spectral vistas through the mazes of these! . . .
Of Dickson's Portuguese

Wrecked are the ancient bridge, the green spring plot,
The blooming fruit-tree, the fair flower-knoll!

SEMICHORUS I. (S)

Yet the true mischief to the English might
Is meant to fall not there! Look to the right,
And read the shaping scheme by yon hill-side,
Where cannon, foot, and brisk dragoons you see,
With Werle and Latour-Maubourg to guide,
Waiting to breast the hill-brow bloodily!

READER

Beresford becomes aware of this project on his flank and sends orders to throw back his right to face the attack. The order is not obeyed. The French rush is made, the Spanish allies of the English are beaten back, and the hill is won by the enemy.

CHORUS S. & A.)

Now he among us who may wish to be
A skilled practitioner in slaughtry,
Should watch this hour's fruition yonder there,
And he will know, if knowing ever were
How mortals may be freed their fleshly cells,
And quaint red doors set ope in sweating fells,
By methods swift and slow and foul and fair!

READER

The English plunge up the hill to re-take it. They are caught in a heavy mist, that hides an advance of the lancers and hussars of the enemy. The Buffs, the Sixty-sixth, and the Forty-eighth in a chaos of smoke, steel, sweat, curses and blood are beheld melting down like wax into confused heaps. Their forms lie rigid, br twitch and turn, as they are trampled over by the enemy's horse.

SEMICHORUS I. (S)

Whose is that towering form
That tears across the mist
To where the shocks are sorest? - his with arm
Outstretched, and grimy face, and bloodshot eye,
Like one who, having done his deeds, will die?

SEMICHORUS II (A)

He is one Beresford, who heads the fight
For England here to-day. He calls the sight
Despite itself! - parries yon lancer's thrust,
And with his own sword renders dust to dust!

Yet the true mischief to the English might
Is meant to fall not there! Look to the right,
And read the slumping columns by yon hill-side,
Where common, foot, and brisk dragoons now see,
With Wertle and Latour-Maubourg to guide,
Waiting to breast the hill-brow bloodily!

Beresford becomes aware of this project on his
flank and sends orders to throw back his right
to face the attack. The order is not obeyed.
The French rush is made, the Spanish allies of
the English are beaten back, and the hill is
won by the enemy.

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Should watch this hour's fruition yonder there,
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How mortals may be freed their fleshly cells,
And quaint red doors set ope in sweating fells,
By methods swift and slow and foul and fair!

The English plunge up the hill to re-take it.
They are caught in a heavy mist, that hides on
advance of the lancers and masses of the enemy.
The Rifle, the Sixty-sixth, and the Forty-eighth
in a chaos of smoke, steel, wheat, corpses and
blood are beheld melting down like wax into
contused heaps. Their forms lie rigid, by
twitch and turn, as they are trampled over by
the enemy's horse.

Whose is that towering form
That leans across the mist
To where the shocks are worst? - his with arm
Outstretched, and grimy face, and bloodshot eye,
Like one who, having done his deeds, will die?

For England here to-day. He calls the fight
Despite itself! - parries Von Lancer's thrust,
And with his own sword tenders dust to dust!

READER — The ghastly climax is reached; the combatants fire grape and canister at speaking distance. Hot corpses, their mouths blackened by cartridge-biting and surrounded by cast-away knapsacks, firelocks, hats, stocks, flint boxes, and priming horns, together with red and blue rags of clothing, gaiters, epaulettes, limbs and viscera, accumulate on the slopes, in heaps which steam with their own warmth as the spring rain falls on them:
The critical moment has come: the English break! But a fresh division - Fusileers is brought up, and these make one last strain to save the day, and, their names, and their lives,
The Fusileers mount the incline, and startle the enemy by their arrival on a spot deemed won.

SEMICHORUS I (S) — They come, beset by riddling hail;
They sway like sedges in a gale
They fail, and win, and win, and fail. Albuera!

SEMICHORUS II (A.) — They gain the ground there, yard by yard,
Their brows and hair and lashes charred,
Their blackened teeth set firm and hard.

SEMICHORUS I (S.) — Their mad assailants rave and reel,
And face, as men who scorn to feel,
The close-lined, three-edged prongs of steel.

SEMICHORUS II (A) — Till faintness follows closing-in
When, faltering headlong down, they spin
Like leaves. But those pay well who win Albuera.

SEMICHORUS I (S) — Out of six thousand souls that sware
To hold the mount, or pass elsewhere,
But eighteen hundred muster there.

SEMICHORUS II (A) — Pale Colonels, Captains, rankmen lie,
Facing the earth or facing sky:-
They strove to live, they stretch to die.

The ghastly climax is reached; the combatants
Are grape and canister at speaking distance.
Hot corpses, their mouths blackened by cartridge-
biting and surrounded by case-shot impacts,
Firelocks, hats, stocks, flint boxes, and
priming horns, together with red and blue rags
of clothing, gaiters, epaulettes, limbs and
viscera, accumulate on the slopes, in heaps
which steam with their own warmth as the spring
rain falls on them:
The critical moment has come: the English
break! But a fresh division - Pualieera is
brought up, and these make one last attain to
save the day, and their names, and their lives,
The Pualieera mount the incline, and startle the
enemy by their arrival on a spot deemed won.

They come, beset by riddling hail;
They sway like sedges in a gale
They fall, and wie, and writh, and fail. Alboera!

They gain the ground there, yard by yard,
Their brows and hair and lashes charred,
Their blackened mouth set firm and hard.

Their mad assailants rave and reel,
And faces, as men who scorn to feel,
The close-lined, three-edged prongs of steel.

Till faintness follows closing-in
When, faltering reaching down, they spin
Like leaves. But those pay well who win Alboera.

Out of six thousand souls that aware
To hold the mount, or pass elsewhere,
But eighteen hundred muster there.

Pale Colonels, Captains, rankmen lie,
Nearing the earth or reeling sky:-
They strove to live, they strived to die.

SEMICHORUS I (S) Friends, foemen mingle; heap and heap -
Hidet their hacked bones, Earth! deep, deep, deep
Where harmless worms caress and creep.

CHORUS (S& A) Hide their hacked bones, Earth! deep, deep, deep,
Where harmless worms caress and creep -
What man can grieve? what woman weep ?
Better than waking is to sleep! Albuera!

READER The night comes on, and darkness covers the Battlefield.

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(8) SEMI-CHORUS I Friends, foemen mingle; heap and heap -
Hide their hacked bones, Earth! deep, deep, deep
Where harmless worms caress and creep.

CHORUS
(Bb A)

Hide their hacked bones, Earth! deep, deep, deep,
Where harmless worms caress and creep -
What man can grieve? what woman weep ?
Better than waking is to sleep! Alfheri!

The night comes on, and darkness covers the
battlefield.

SCENE VII.

The Ford of Santa Marta, Salamanca.

READER — It is a July night of the same summer. The air is hot and heavy. In the darkness the ripple of the River Tormes can be heard over the ford.
Against the sky to the left lightnings flash, revealing rugged heights in that quarter. From the heights comes to the ear the tramp of soldiers; as yet they are some distance off. On heights to the right hand, on the other side of the river, glimmer the bivouac fires of the French under Marmont.
The lightning quickens, with rolls of thunder, and a few large drops of rain fall.

(ENTER R. an English Sentinel, L. MRS DOLBIAC and MRS PRESCOTT, English officers' wives)

SENTINEL — Where there's war, there's women, and where there's women there's trouble! (aloud) Who goes there?

MRS DALBIAC — We must reveal who we are, I fear (To her companion) Friends! (To Sentinel)

SENTINEL — Advance and give the countersign.

MRS DALBIAC — Oh, but we can't!

SENTINEL — Consequent which, you must retreat. By Lord Wellington's strict regulations, wo men of loose character are to be excluded from the lines for moral reasons, namely, that they are often employed by the enemy as spies.

MRS PRESCOTT — Dear good soldier, we are English ladies benighted, having mistaken our way back to Salamanca, and we want shelter from the storm.

SCENE VII.

The Ford of Santa Marta, Balamance.

It is a July night of the same summer. The air is hot and heavy. In the darkness the ripple of the River Torres can be heard over the ford.

Against the sky to the left lightning flash, revealing rugged heights in that quarter. From the heights comes to the ear the tramp of soldiers; as yet they are some distance off. On heights to the right hand, on the other side of the river, glimmer the bivouac fires of the French under Dartmont.

The lightning quickens, with rolls of thunder, and a few large drops of rain fall.

(WALTER R. an English Sentinel. L. MRS MOLINIAC and MRS PRESCOTT. English officers' wives)

Where there's war, there's a woman, and where there's woman there's treason! (aloud) Who goes there?

(Pantion) Friends! (To Sentinel) We must reveal who we are, I fear (To her companion) Advance and give the countersign.

Oh, but we can't!

Consequent which, you must retreat. By lord Wellington's strict regulations, no man of loose character are to be excluded from the lines for moral treasons, namely, that they are often employed by the enemy as spies.

Dear good soldier, we are English ladies benighted, having mistaken our way back to Salamance, and we want shelter from the storm.

MRS DALBIAC

If it is necessary I will say who we are - I am Mrs Dalbiac, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Light Dragoons, and this lady is the wife of Captain Prescott of the Seventh Fusileers. We went out to Christoval to look for our husbands, but found the army had moved.

SENTINEL

(incredulously) "Wives!" Oh, not to-day! I have heard such titles of courtesy afore; but they never shake me. "W" begins other female words than "wives!" You'll have trouble, good dames, to get into Salamanca to-night. You'll be challenged all the way down, and shot without clergy if you can't give the countersign.

MRS PRESCOTT

Then surely you'll tell us what it is, good, kind man!

SENTINEL

Well - have you earned enough to pay for knowing? Government wage is poor pickings for watching here in the rain. How much can ye stand?

MRS DA BIAC

Half-a-dozen pesetas.

SENTINEL

Very well, my dear. I was always tender-hearted. Come along.

(They advance and hand the money)

The pass to-night is "Melchester Steeple." That will take you into the town when the weather clears. You won't have to cross the ford. You can get temporary shelter in the shed there.

(As the ladies move R. two Dragoons enter, one a Sergeant.)

MRS DALBIAC

(To Dragoons.) The French are luckier than you are, men. You'll have a wet advance across the ford, but they have a dry retreat by the bridge at Alba.

DRAGOON

The moustachies a dry retreat? Not they, my dear. A Spanish garrison is in the castle that commands the bridge at Alba.

If it is necessary I will say who we are - I am Mrs Dalkins, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Light Dragoons, and this lady is the wife of Captain Trencott of the Seventh Dustlesers. We went out to Christoval to look for our husbands, but found the army had moved.

(Interdulously) "Wives!" Oh, not to-day! I have heard much talkee of courtesy afore; but they never shake me. "We" begins other female words than "wives!" You'll have trouble, good dames, to get into Salamanca to-night. You'll be challenged all the way down, and shot without clergy if you can't give the countersign.

Then surely you'll tell us what it is, good, kind man!

Well - have you earned enough to pay for knowing? Government wage is poor pickings for watching bare in the rain. How much can ye stump?

Half-a-dozen pesetas.

Very well, my dears. I was always tender-hearted. Come along.

(They advance and hand the money)

The pass to-night is "Melchester Steeple." That will take you into the town when the weather clears. You won't have to cross the ford. You can get temporary shelter in the shed there.

(As the ladies move R. two Dragoons enter, one a Sergeant.)

(To Dragoons.) The French are luckier than you are, men. You'll have a wet advance across the ford, but they have a dry retreat by the bridge at Alba.

The mountebanks a dry retreat? Not they, my dear. A Spanish garrison is in the castle that commands the bridge at Alba.

MRS DALBIAC — A peasant told us that he saw the Spanish withdraw.

(The Dragoons hastily converse)

DRAGOON — You've done us a good turn, if it is true, darlin' Not that Lord Wellington will believe it when he gets the news . . . Why, if my eyes don't deceive me, ma'am, that's Colonel Dalbiac's lady!

MRS DALBIAC — Yes, Sergeant. I am over here with him , and lodging in Salamanca. We lost our way, and want shelter awhile.

SERGEANT — Certainly, ma'am. I'll give you an escort back.

MRS PRESCOTT — (anxiously) Have you heard, sergeant, if there's to be a battle to-morrow?

SERGEANT — Yes, ma'am. Everything sh ows it.

MRS PRESCOTT — (mournfully) And I have brought the children from Ireland! This coming battle frightens me!

CHORUS (S & A) — This is her prescient pang of widowhood
Ere Salamanca clang to-morrow's wane
She'll find her consort stiff among the slain!

MRS DALRIAC A peasant told us that he saw the Spanish with-
drew.

(The Dragoons heartily converse)

TRACOON You've done us a good turn, if it is true,
darlin'. Not that Lord Wellington will believe
it when he gets the news . . . Why, if my eye: don't
deceive me, ma'am, that's Colonel Delmeo's lady!

MRS DALRIAC Yes, Sergeant. I am over here with him, and
lodging in Salamanca. We lost our way, and want
shelter awhile.

SERGEANT Certainly, ma'am. I'll give you an escort back.

MRS PENNICOTT (anxiously) Have you heard, sergeant, if there's
to be a battle to-morrow?

SERGEANT Yes, ma'am. Everything an owe it.

MRS PENNICOTT (mournfully) And I have brought the children from
Ireland! This coming battle frightens me!

CHORUS This is her presence pang of widowhood
(B & A) The Salamanca clang to-morrow's wane
She'll find her consort adrift among the slain!

S C E N E VIII

The Field of Salamanca.

READER

The next day the battlefield - an undulating and sandy expanse - is lying under the sultry sun of a July afternoon.
Wellington, the English Commander, descends from a dome-shaped hill, where he has been standing, glass at eye, to a nook under a wall, where a meal is roughly laid out. Some of his staff are already eating there.
Wellington takes a few mouthfuls without sitting down, and walks back again.

(WELLINGTON discovered. Looks through his glass off)

(ENTER his Aide-de-camp, FITZROY SOMERSET)

FITSROY SOMERSET (Hurriedly)
The French make movements of grave consequence -
Extending to the left in mass, my lord.

WELLINGTON
I have just perceived as much; but not the cause.

(He regards longer)

Marmont's good genius is deserting him!

(Shutting up his glass with a snap. WELLINGTON calls aides and despatches them)

My God, Fitzroy, if we shan't do it now!

FITZROY SOMERSET
Thinking we mean no real attack on him,
He schemes to swoop on our retreating-line.

SCENE VIII

The Field of Salamanca.

The next day the battlefield - an unpleasting and manky expanse - is lying under the sultry sun of a July afternoon.
Wellington, the English Commander, descends from a dome-shaped hill, where he has been standing, glass at eye, to a nook under a wall, where a meal is roughly laid out. Some of his staff are already eating there.
Wellington takes a few mouthfuls without sitting down, and walks back again.

(WELLINGTON discovered. Looks through his glass off)

(ENTER his Aide-de-camp, FITZROY SOMERSET)

(Hurriedly)
The French make movements of grave consequence - Extending to the left in mass, my lord.

I have just perceived as much; but not the cause.

(He returns lounger)

Hermont's good genius is deserting him!

(Shutting up his glass with a snap. WELLINGTON calls aides and despatches them)

My God, Fitzroy, if we mayn't do it now!

Thinking we mean no real attack on him,
He schemes to swoop on our retreating-line.

WELLINGTON — Ay; and to cloak it by this cannonade.
With that in eye he has bundled leftwardly
Thomiere's division: mindless that thereby
His wing and centre's mutual maintenance
Has gone, and left a yawning vacancy.
So be it. Good. His laxness is our luck!

READER — As a result of the orders sent off by the Aides, several British divisions advance across the French front.
The French shower bullets into them. But an English Brigade under Pack assails the nearer French on the hill, now beginning to cannonade the English in the hollows beneath.
Breezes blow towards the French, and they get in their faces the dust and smoke from the masses of English in motion, and a powerful sun shines in their eyes.

CHORUS (S & A) — Appearing to behold the full-mapped mind
Of his opponent, Marmont arrows forth
Aide after aide towards the forest's rim,
To spirit on his troops emerging thence,
And prop the lone division Thomiere,
For whose recall his voice has rung in vain!
Cotton falls wounded! Pakenham's bayoneteers
Shape for the charge from column into rank;
And Thomiere finds death thereat point-blank!

SEMICHORUS I (S) — In fogs of dust the cavalries hoof the ground;
Their prancing squadrons shake the hills around;
Le Marchant's heavies bear with ominous bound
Against their opposites!

SEMICHORUS II (A) — A bullet crying along the cloven air
Gouges Le Marchant's groin and rankles there;
In Death's white sleep he soon joins Thomière,
And all he has fought for, quits!

As a result of the orders sent off by the
Aides, several British divisions advance across
the French front.

The French shower bullets into them. But an
English Brigade under Pack assails the nearer
French on the hill, now beginning to cannonade
the English in the hollows beneath.
Presses blow towards the French, and they
get in their faces the dust and smoke from
the masses of English in motion, and a power-
ful awe shines in their eyes.

Appearing to behold the full-mapped mind
Of his opponent, Marmont arrows forth
Aide after aide towards the forest's rim,
To spirit on his troops emerging thence,
And prop the lone division Thomière,
For whose recall his voice has rung in vain!
Cotton falls wounded! Pakenham's bayonneteers
Shape for the charge from column into rank;
And Thomière finds death thereat point-blank!

In fogs of mist the cavalries hoof the ground;
Their prancing squadrons shake the hills around;
Le Marchant's heavies bear with ominous bound
Against their opposites!

A bullet crying along the cloven air
Conges Le Marchant's groin and rankles there;
In Death's white sleep he soon joins Thomière,
And all he has fought for, quite!

As; and to clock it by this commonage.
With that in eye he has bundled leftwardly
Thomière's division: mindless that thereby
His wing and centre's mutual maintenance
Was gone, and left a yawning vacancy.
So be it. Good. His laxness is our luck!

READER — Now fortune sways in favour of the English, now in favour of the French. Wellington sees that the crisis has come, and orders up his reserve. The fresh muscle and spirit turn the scale, and the French abandon the mountain. Their disordered main body retreats into the forest and disappears: and just as darkness sets in the English stand alone on the crest.

(Stage darkens)

(Shape of WELLINGTON etc., may be seen)

VOICE OF WELLINGTON — I thought they looked as they'd be scurrying soon!

VOICE OF AIDE — Foy bears into the wood in middling trim;
Maucune strikes out for Alba-Castle bridge.

VOICE OF WELLINGTON — Speed the pursuit, then, towards the Huerta ford;
Their only scantling of escape lies there;
The river coops them semi-circle-wise,
And we shall have them like a swathe of grass
Within a sickle's curve!

VOICE OF AIDE — Too late, my lord,
They are crossing by the aforesaid bridge at Alba.

VOICE OF WELLINGTON — Impossible. The guns of Carlos rake it,
Sheer from the castle walls!

VOICE OF AIDE — Tidings have sped
Just now therefrom, to this undreamed effect:
That Carlos has withdrawn the garrison:
The French command the Alba bridge themselves!

VOICE OF WELLINGTON — Blast him, he's disobeyed his orders, then!
How happened this? How long has it been known?

VOICE OF AIDE — Some ladies some few hours have rumoured it,
But unbelieved.

Now fortune smiles in favour of the English,
now in favour of the French. Wellington does
that the crisis has come, and stirs up his
reserve. The fresh muscle and spirit turn the
scale, and the French abandon the mountain.
Their disordered main body retreats into the
forest and disappears: and just as darkness
sets in the English stand alone on the crest.

(Black darkness)

(Shape of VENTADOUR etc., may be seen)

I thought they looked as though they'd be scurrying soon!

Foy hurls into the wood in wavering trim;
Ney storms strides out for Alba-Gaudix bridge.

Quoad the pursuit, then, towards the Nueva Tera;
Their only scantling of courage lies there;
The river ceases then Agueda-wise,
And we shall have there like a breathe of grace
Within a clutch's curve!

Too late, my lord,
They are crossing by the aforesaid bridge at Alba.

Impossible. The guns of Carlos rake it,
Sheer from the castle walls!

Tidings have spread
Just now therefrom, to this unlearned effect:
That Carlos has withdrawn the garrison:
The French command the Alba bridge therefore!

What him, he's dispersed his cravers, then!
Now happened this? How long has it been known?

Some lackies some few hours have rumoured it,
Not unbelieved.

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Well, what's done can't be undone....
By God, though, they've just saved themselves thereby
From capture to a man!

(N.B. The following passages bracketted in red can be omitted if time presses) (Not otherwise)

VOICE OF A GENERAL

We've not struck ill,
Despite this slip, my lord....And have you heard
That Colonel Dalbiac's wife rode in the charge
Behind her spouse to-day?

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Did she though: did she!
Why that must be Susanna, whom I know -
A Wessex woman, blithe, and somewhat fair....
Not but that great irregularities
Arise from such exploits. - And was it she
I noticed wandering to and fro below here,
Just as the French retired?

VOICE OF ANOTHER OFFICER

Ah no, my lord,
That was the wife of Prescott of the Seventh,
Hoping beneath the heel of hopelessness,
As these young women will! - Just about sunset
She found him lying dead and bloody there,
And in the dusk we bore them both away.

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Well, I'm damned sorry for her. Though I wish
The women-folk would keep them to the rear: -
Much awkwardness attends their pottering round!

(The talking shapes disappear)

(Stage lightens a little)

(ENTER SERGEANT YOUNG of the King's (15th) Hussars, and two other Hussars)

(N.B. Query - They sit down?)

SERGEANT YOUNG

I wonder, I wonder how Stourcastle is looking -
this summer night, and all the old folks there!

SECOND HUSSAR

You was born there, I think I've heard ye say, Sergeant?

Well, what's done can't be undone....
My God, though, they've just saved themselves thereby
From capture to a man!

(N.B. The following passages bracketed in red
can be omitted if time presses) (Not otherwise)

We've not struck all,
Despite this slip, My Lord....And have you heard
That (Colone) Delphino's wife rode in the charge
Behind her spouse to-day?

Did she through: old she!
Why that must be Bracenne, when I know -
A Wetsex woman, pithie, and somewhat fair....
Not but that great irregularities
Arise from such exploits. - And was it she
I noticed wandering to and fro below here,
Just as the French retired?

Ah no, My Lord,
Hoping beneath the head of hopelessness,
As these young women will - just about sunset
She found him lying dead and bloody there,
And in the dusk we bore them both away.

Well, I'm damned sorry for her. Though I wish
The women-folk would keep them to the rear:
Such awkwardness attends their pottering round!

(The tallish shape disappears)

(Stage lightens a little)

(ENTER SERGEANT YOUNG of the King's (18th)
Hussars, and two other Hussars)

(N.B. Query - They are clean?)

I wonder, I wonder how Stevenage is looking
This summer night, and all the old folks there!

You was born there, I think I've heard ye say,
Sergeant?

SERGEANT YOUNG — I was. And though I ought not to say it, as father and mother are living there still, 'tis a dull place at times. Now Budmouth-Regis was exactly to my taste when we were there with the Court that summer, and the King and Queen awambling about among us like the most everyday old man and woman you ever see. Yes, there was plenty going on, and only a pretty step from home. Altogether we had a fine time!

THIRD HUSSAR — You walked with a girl there for some weeks, Sergeant, if my memory serves?

SERGEANT YOUNG — I did. And a pretty girl 'a was. But nothing came on't. A month afore we struck camp she married a tallow-chandler's dipper of Little Nicholas Lane. I was a good deal upset about it at the time. But one gets over things!

SECOND HUSSAR — 'Twas a low taste in the hussy, come to that - Howsomever, I agree about Budmouth. I never had pleasanter times than when we lay there. You had a song on it, Sergeant, in them days, if I don't mistake?

SERGEANT YOUNG — I had; and have still. 'Twas made up when we left by our bandmaster that used to conduct in front of Gloucester Lodge at the King's Mess every afternoon.

(The SERGEANT is silent for a minute, then suddenly bursts into melody)

S O N G (N.B. Music can be supplied by T.H.)

"Budmouth Dears"

1.

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and brown!
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-songing,
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down.

SERGEANT
YOUNG

I was. And though I ought not to say it, as
father and mother are living there still, 'tis a
dull place at times. Now Dudmouth-Regis was exactly
to my taste when we were there with the Court that
summer, and the King and Queen swanshling about
among us like the most everyday old man and woman
You ever see. Yes, there was plenty going on,
and only a pretty step from home. Altogether we
had a fine time!

THIRD HUSSAR

You walked with a girl there for some weeks,
Sergeant, if my memory serves?

SERGEANT
YOUNG

I did. And a pretty girl 'a was. Nut nothing
came on't. A month afore we struck camp she married
a tallow-chandler's dipper of Little Nicholas Lane.
I was a good deal upset about it at the time. But
one gets over things!

SECOND HUSSAR

'Twas a low taste in the huzzy, come to that -
However, I agree about Dudmouth. I never had
pleasanter times than when we lay there. You had a
song on it, Sergeant. In them days, if I don't
mistake?

SERGEANT
YOUNG

I had; and have still. 'Twas made up when we
left by our bandmaster that used to conduct in front
of Gloucester Lodge at the King's Mews every
afternoon.

(The SERGEANT is silent for a minute, then
suddenly bursts into melody)

S O N G (N.B. Music can be supplied by T.M.)

"Dudmouth Beaux"

I.

When we lay where Dudmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes
of blue and brown!
And our hearts would echo with longing
As we passed from our sing-songing,
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down.

II

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasnat pranks they playes us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of renown,
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp above the town.

III

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more Clink! Clink! past the parlours of the town?

IV

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin gown?
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down?

(Applause from the other hussars, and then darkness)

II

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of Feytmonts
of renown,
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp above the town.

III

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us under,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the
faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more Clink! Clink! beat the parlours of the
town?

IV

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter round attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the
muslin gown? -
Will they warmly quite and coo us
With a midway glance upon us,
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and
down?

(Applause from the other hussars, and then darkness)

I N T E R M E Z Z O

READER

In this year of exploits by the English in the Peninsula occurs the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig afar - the battle which is to decide the fate of Napoleon, of Europe, and perhaps the world. It is a massive contest, in which peoples of various races, tribes, and languages surge and roll together. Nationalities from the uttermost parts of Asia here meet those from the Atlantic edge of Europe for the first time in history.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

This is the combat of Napoleon's hope,
But not of his assurance! Shrunk in power
He broods beneath October's clammy cope,
While hemming hordes wax denser every hour.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

He knows, he knows that though in equal fight
He stands as heretofore the matched of none,
A feeble skill is propped by numbers' might,
And now three hosts close round to crush out one!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

Now triple battle beats about the town
And now contracts the huge elastic ring
Of fighting flesh, as those within go down,-
Or spreads, as those without show faltering!

READER

All day the conflict rolls, and yet another day. Napoleon's gaze is gloomy as night begins to brown, and treacherous mists to appear.

CHORUS (S & A)

The Battle of the Nations now is closing
And all is lost to One, to many gained;
The old dynastic routine reimposing,
The new dynastic structure unsustained.

INTERMEZZO

In this year of exploits by the English in the Peninsula comes the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig also - the battle which is to decide the fate of Napoleon, of Europe, and perhaps the world. It is a massive contest, in which peoples of various races, tribes, and languages surge and roll together. Nationalities from the uttermost parts of Asia here meet those from the Atlantic edge of Europe for the first time in history.

This is the combat of Napoleon's hope,
But not of his assurance! Drunk in power
He brooks beneath October's gloomy cope,
While hemming hordes wax denser every hour.

He knows, he knows that though in equal fight
He stands as hero'lore the matched of none,
A feeble unit is propped by numbers' might,
And now three hosts close round to crush out one!

Now triple battle beats about the town
And now contracts the huge elastic ring
Of fighting flesh, as those within go down,
Or spreads, as those without show faltering!

All day the conflict rolls, and yet another
day. Napoleon's brow is gloomy as night begins
to brown, and treacherous mists to appear.

The Battle of the Nations now is closing
And all is lost to One, to many Gained;
The old dynastic routine reimposing,
The new dynastic structure unsustained.

Now every neighbouring realm is France's warder,
And smirking satisfaction will be feigned:
The which is seemlier? - so-called ancient order,
Or that the hot-breath'd war-horse ramp unreined.

(N.B. The scene near the River Nivelle (P.393 of book) might be inserted here if time serves)

How every neighbouring realm is Pleasee's ward',
And smirking satisfaction will be feigned:
The which is seemliest - so-called ancient order,
Or that the hot-breath'd war-horse rump untrained.

(N.B. The scene near the River Nivelle
(P.393 of book) might be inserted here if time
serves)

SCENE IX

Fontainebleau. A Room in the Palace.

READER The Battle of Leipzig has been fought to its bitter end, and with the crushing victory of his enemies Napoleon's downfall was completed. A hurried retreat was made with the remnants of his army; in crossing the Rhine he was attacked by the Austrians and the Bavarians. Thus wrecked he got to Paris. Thither in the following New Year, conveyed the Russians, the Prussians, and the English armies. Napoleon burns his papers, and goes from Paris, to prepare, as he hopes, a plan of defence, leaving the Empress as Regent. But she is compelled to fly likewise. Napoleon is ultimately discovered at Fontainebleau.

(He walks impatiently up and down the room and glances at the clock every few minutes)

(NEY is announced. ENTER NEY)

NAPOLEON (without a greeting)
Well - the result? Ah, but your looks display
A leaden dawning to the light you bring!
What - not a regency? What - not the Empress
To hold it in trusteeship for my son?

NEY Sire, things like revolutions turn not back,
But go straight on. Imperial governance
Is coffined for your family and yourself!
It is declared that military repose,
And France's well-doing, demand of you
Your abdication - unconditioned, sheer.
This verdict of the sovereigns cannot change,
And I have pushed on hot to let you know.

SCENE IX

Fontainebleau. A Room in the Palace.

The Battle of Leipzig has been fought to its bitter end, and with the crushing victory of his enemies Napoleon's downfall was completed. A hurried retreat was made with the remnants of his army; in crossing the Rhine he was attacked by the Austrians and the Bavarians. Thus wrecked he got to Paris.
Thither in the following New Year, conveyed the Russians, the Prussians, and the English armies. Napoleon burns his papers, and goes from Paris, to prepare, as he hopes, a plan of defence, leaving the Empress as Regent.
But she is compelled to fly likewise. Napoleon is ultimately discovered at Fontainebleau.

(He walks impatiently up and down the room and glances at the clock every few minutes)

(NEY is announced. NEY enters)

(without a greeting)
Well - the result? Ah, but your looks display
A leaden dawning to the light you bring!
What - not a regency? What - not the Empress
To hold it in trusteeship for my son?

Sire, things like revolutions turn not back,
But go straight on. Imperial governance-
Is confined for your family and yourself!
It is declared that military repose,
And France's well-doing, demand of you
Your abdication - unconditioned, sheer.
This verdict of the sovereigns cannot change,
And I have pushed on hot to let you know.

NAPOLEON (With repression)
I am obliged to you. You have told me promptly!

NEY
The Paris folk are flaked with white cockades:
Tricolors choke the kennels. Rapturously
They clamour for the Bourbons and for peace.

NAPOLEON (Coldly)
I could give Paris peace as well as they!

NEY (Dubiously)
Well, sire, you did not. And I should assume
They have judged the future by the accustomed past.

NAPOLEON (Tartly)
I can draw inferences without assistance!
I'll think the matter over. You shall know
By noon to-morrow my definitive.

NEY (Turning to go)
I trust my saying what had to be said
Has not affronted you?

NAPOLEON (Bitterly)
No; but your haste
In doing it has galled me, and has shown me
A heart that heaves no longer in my cause!
The skilled coquetting of the Government
Has nearly won you from old fellowship! ....
Well; till to-morrow, Marshal, then, Adieu.

(NEY goes)

(ENTER CAULAINCOURT and MACDONALD)

Ney has got here before you; and I deem,
Has truly told me all?

CAULAINCOURT We thought at first
We should have had success. But fate said No,
And abdication, making no reserves,
Is, sire, we are convinced, with all respect,
The only road.

NAPOLEON

MEY

NAPOLEON

MEY

NAPOLEON

MEY

NAPOLEON

CAULAINCOURT

The only road.
Ia, sire, we are convinced, with all respect,
And abdication, making no reserves,
We should have had success. But fate said No,
We thought at first

Ney has got here before you; and I deem,
Has truly told me all?

(MEY goes)

(MEYER CAULAINCOURT and NAPOLEON)

Well; till to-morrow, Marshal, then, Adieu.
Has nearly won you from old fellowship! ....
The skilful confession of the government
A heart that heaves no longer in my cause!
In doing it has galled me, and has shown me
No; but your hearts

(Bitterly)

Has not affronted you?
I trust my saying what had to be said

(Turning to go)

By noon to-morrow my definitive.
I'll think the matter over. You shall know
I can draw inferences without assistance!

(Tartly)

They have judged the future by the accustomed past.
Well, sire, you did not. And I should assume

(Pointedly)

I could give Paris peace as well as they!

(Coldly)

They clamour for the Bourbons and for peace.
Tricolore above the Kommels. Rapturously
The Paris folk are flaked with white cockades:

(With repression)

I am obliged to you. You have told me promptly!

NAPOLEON

I don't agree with you.
My assets are not quite so beggarly
That I must close in such a shameful bond!
I still may know to play the Imperial game
As well as Alexander and his friends!
So - you will see. Where are my maps? - oh, where?
I'll trace campaigns to come! Where's paper, ink,
To schedule all my generals and my means!

CAULAINCOURT

Sire, you have not the generals you suppose.

MACDONALD

And if you had, the mere anatomy
Of a real army, sire, that's left to you,
Must yield the war. A bad example tells.

NAPOLEON

Ah - from your manner it is worse, I see,
Than I cognise! .... O Marmont, Marmont, - yours,
Yours was the bad sad lead! - I treated him
As if he were a son! - defended him,
Made him a marshal out of sheer affection,
Built, as 'twere rock, on his fidelity!
"Forsake who may", I said, "I still have him" -
Child that I was, I looked for faith in friends! ....
Then be it as you will I'll do it now.
I faint to leave France thus - curtailed, pared down
From her late spacious borders. Of the whole
This is the keenest sword that pierces me.....
But all's too late: my course is closed, I see.
(Reading)
"It having been declared by the Allies
That the prime obstacle to Europe's peace
Is France's empery by Napoleon,
This ruler, faithful to his oath of old,
Renounces for himself and for his heirs
The throne of France and that of Italy;
Because no sacrifice, even of his life,
Is he averse to make for France's gain."
- And hereto do I sign.
(He turns to the table and signs.)

(The Marshals, moved, rush forward and seize his hand.)

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That the prime obstacle to Europe's peace
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Of a real army, sire, that's left to you,
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"Forsake who may", I said, "I still have him "
Child that I was, I looked for faith in friends! ....
Then be it as you will! I'll do it now.
I faint to leave these three - curtailed, pared down
From her late splendours borders. Of the whole
This is the keenest sword that pierces me.....
But all's too late: my course is closed, I see.

Mark, Marshals, here;
It is a conquering foe I covenant with,
And not the traitors at the Tuileries
Who call themselves the Government of France!
Caulaincourt, go to Paris as before,
Ney and Macdonald too, and hand in this
To Alexander, and to him alone.

(He gives the document, and bids them adieu almost without speech. The Marshals and others go out. NAPOLEON continues sitting with his chin on his chest.)

(An interval of silence. There is then heard in the corridor a sound of whetting. ENTER ROUSTAN the Mameluke, with a whetstone in his belt and a sword in his hand.)

ROUSTAN — After this fall, your Majesty, 'tis plain
You will not choose to live, and, knowing this,
I bring to you my sword.

NAPOLEON — (With a nod)
I see you do,
Roustan.

ROUSTAN — Will you, sire, use it on yourself,
Or shall I pass it through you?

NAPOLEON — (Coldly)
Neither plan
Is quite expedient for the moment, man.

ROUSTAN — Neither?

NAPOLEON — There may be, in some suited time,
Some cleaner means of carrying out such work.

ROUSTAN — Sire, you refuse? Can you support vile life
A moment on such terms? Why then, I pray,
Dispatch me with the weapon, or dismiss me.

(He holds the sword to NAPOLEON, who shakes his head)

ROUSTAN After this fall, your Majesty, 'tis plain
You will not choose to live, and, knowing this,
I bring to you my sword.

NAPOLEON (With a nod)
I see you do.

ROUSTAN
Or shall I keep it through you?

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Neither plan
Is quite expedient for the moment, man.

ROUSTAN Neither?

NAPOLEON
There may be, in some suited time,
Some cleaner means of carrying out such work.

ROUSTAN
Sire, you refuse? Can you support this life
A moment on such terms? Why then, I pray,
Dispatch me with the weapon, or dismiss me.

(He holds the sword to NAPOLEON, who shakes
his head)

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Who call themselves the Government of France!
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To Alexander, and to him alone.

(He gives the document, and bids them adieu almost without speech. The Marshals and others go out. NAPOLEON continues sitting with his chin on his chest.)

(An interval of silence. There is then heard in the corridor a sound of wrestling. ROUSTAN ROUSTAN the mameluke, with a pistol-stone in his belt and a sword in his hand.)

I live no longer under such disgrace!

(EXIT ROUSTAN haughtily)

(NAPOLEON vents a sardonic laugh, and throws himself on a sofa, where he by and by falls asleep)

(The door is softly opened. ROUSTAN and CONSTANT peep in)

CONSTANT — To-night would be as good a time to go as any. He will sleep there for hours. I have my few francs safe, and I deserve them, for I have stuck to him honourably through fourteen trying years.

ROUSTAN — How many francs have you secured?

CONSTANT — Well - more than you can count in one breath, or even two.

ROUSTAN — Where ?

CONSTANT — In a hollow tree in the Forest. And as for your reward, you can easily get the keys of that cabinet, where there are more than enough francs to equal mine. He will not have them, and you may as well take them as strangers!

ROUSTAN — It is not money that I want, but honour. I leave because I can no longer stay with self-respect.

CONSTANT — And I because there is no other such valet in the temperate zone, and it is for the good of society that I should not be wasted here.

ROUSTAN — Well, as you propose going this evening I will go with you, to lend a symmetry to the drama of our departure. Would that I had served a more sensitive master! He sleeps there quite indifferent to the dishonour of remaining alive!

(NAPOLEON shows signs of waking, CONSTANT and ROUSTAN disappear - NAPOLEON slowly sits up)

I live no longer under such disgrace!

(EXIT ROUSTAN hurriedly)

(NAPOLEON vents a sardonic laugh, and throws himself on a sofa, where he ly and by falls asleep)

(The door is softly opened. ROUSTAN and CONSTANT peep in)

CONSTANT

ROUSTAN

CONSTANT

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How many francs have You secured?

Well - more than you can count in one breath, or even two.

Where?

In a hollow tree in the Woreas. And as for your reward, you can easily get the keys of that cabinet, where there are more than enough francs to equal mine. He will not have them, and you may as well take them as afterwards!

It is not money that I want, but honour. I leave because I can no longer stay with self-respect.

And I because there is no other such valet in the temperate zone, and it is for the good of society that I should not be wasted here.

Well, as you propose going this evening I will go with you, to lend a sympathy to the drama of our departure. Would that I had served a more sentimental master! He sleeps there quite indifferent to the diamonds of remaining alive!

(NAPOLEON moves signs of waking. CONSTANT and ROUSTAN disappear - NAPOLEON slowly sits up)

NAPOLEON

Here the scene lingers still! Here linger I!....
Things could not have gone on as they were going!
I am amazed they kept their course so long.
But long or short they have ended now - at last!

(Footsteps are heard passing through the court without)

Hark at them leaving me! So politic rats
Desert the ship that's doomed. By morrow dawn
I shall not have a man to shake my bed
Or say good-morning to!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

Herein behold
How heavily events his brain enfold,
His halting hand, his eye, his leaden hue!

SEMICHORUS II (A)

A picture this for kings and subjects too!

READER

Yet it is but Napoleon who has failed.
The pale pathetic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwinkings to light!

END OF PART II

PART III.

The property of Lilah McCarthy
Hamnels
Boar's Hill
Oxford

PART III

SCENE 1.

Elba. The Quay, Porto Ferrajo.

READER Napoleon's abdication has resulted in his utter humiliation and retirement to Elba, the island in the Mediterranean made famous by his name. The Allied Sovereigns have visited London to celebrate the Peace. The Congress of Vienna has begun its sittings. We strain our eyes across the blue Mediterranean towards Elba, whereon abides. Night descends upon the beautiful cone on which stands Porto Ferrajo. Upon a rock in the Port is seen the Palace that is Napoleon's residence.

The Dynasts

PART III

SEMICH: I (s)

The Congress of Vienna sits
And war becomes a war of wits
Where every Power perpenses withal
Its dues as large, its friends' as small;
Till Priests of Peace prepare arms more
To fight as they have fought before;

SEMICH: II (A)

In Paris there is discontent
Beliefs are wrought that represent
[illegible] whisper, "We
Who were [illegible] again will be!"

READER

[illegible] behalf of the Allies
Bonaparte viewed from Elba. Their missions
[illegible] to pry, [illegible] to probe,
[illegible] hour by hour, [illegible] more and more.
[illegible] Fleurus, to Bayard's
[illegible] there,
[illegible] will be - Yourself

FROM
CURTIS BROWN, LTD.,
6 Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.2.

Strand. W.C.

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SEMICH: I (S) — The Congress of Vienna sits
And war becomes a war of wits
Where every Power perpends withal
Its dues as large, its friends' as small;
Till Priests of Peace prepare once more
To fight as they have fought before!

SEMICH: II (A) — In Paris there is discontent
Medals are wrought that represent
One now unnamed. Men whisper, "He
Who once has been, again will be!"

READER — The guardian on behalf of the Allies
Absents himself from Elba. Slow surmise
Too vague to pen, too actual to ignore,
Have strained him hour by hour, and more and more.
He takes the sea to Florence, to declare
His doubts to Austria's ministrator there.
When he returns, Napoleon will be - where?

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We stretch our eyes across the Blue Mediterranean towards Elba, where Napoleon abides. Night descends upon the beautiful cove on which stands Porto Ferraio. Upon a rock above the Port is seen the Palace that is Napoleon's residence.

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And war becomes a war of wits
Where every Power purposes withal
Its dues as large, its friends' as small;
Till Priests of Peace prepare once more
To fight as they have fought before!

In Paris there is discontent
Media are wrought that represent
One now unnamed. Men whisper, "He
Who once has been, again will be!"

The guardian on behalf of the Allies
Absents himself from Elba. Slow surmise
Too vague to pen, too actual to ignore,
Have attained him hour by hour, and more And more.
He takes the sea to Tiberone, to declare
His doubts to Austria's minister there.
When he returns, Napoleon will be - where?

SEMICHORUS I (S)

Napoleon is going.
And nought will prevent him;
He snatches the moment
Occasion has lent him.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

And what is he going for?
Worn with war's labours?
-To reconquer Europe
With seven hundred sabres!

READER

About eight o'clock we observe that the windows of Napoleon's residence are lighted and open, and that two women sit at them: the Emperor's mother and the Princess Pauline. They wave adieux to someone below, and in a short time a little open low-wheeled carriage, drawn by Princess Pauline's two ponies, descends from the house to the port. The crowd exclaims "The Emperor!" Napoleon appears in his grey great-coat. He quickly alights and enters the waiting boat. It is a tense moment. As the boat rows off the sailors sing the Marseillaise, and the gathered inhabitants join in. When the boat reaches the brig its sailors join in also, and shout "Paris or death". A gun fires as a signal of departure. Not a breeze is there to stir a sail, and the ships are motionless.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

Haste is salvation
And still he stays waiting:
The calm plays the tyrant,
His venture belating!

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The south wind, the south wind,
The south wind will save him
Embaying the frigate
Whose speed would enslave him;
Restoring the Empire
That fortune once gave him.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

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And nought will prevent him;
He snatches the moment
Occasion has lent Him.

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SEMICHORUS I (S)

Haste is salvation
And still he stays waiting:
The calm plays the tyrant,
His venture belating!

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The south wind, the south wind,
The south wind will save him
Enslaving the frigate
More speed would enslave him;
Restoring the Empire
That fortune once gave him.

READER

The moon rises, and the ships silently disappear over the horizon.
We fling a glance towards Vienna, where the Congress is being held. It is evening. The monarchs and Notabilities of Europe, who have assembled for this occasion, are present at a reception at the Imperial Palace when astounding news arrives. Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and is making his way across France.

The moon rises, and the ships silently disappear over the horizon.

We fling a glance toward Vienna, where the Congress is being held. It is evening. The monarchs and Notabilities of Europe, who have assembled for this occasion, are present at a reception at the Imperial Palace when astounding news arrives. Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and is making his way across France.

SCENE II

Wessex. Durnover Green, Casterbridge.

READER — On a patch of green grass on Durnover Hill, in the purlieus of Casterbridge, a rough gallows has been erected, and an effigy of Napoleon hung upon it. Under the effigy are faggots of brushwood.
It is the dusk of a spring evening, and a great crowd has gathered, including the Vicar of the Parish. The local band is playing.

YEOMAN — So he's escaped, and going to fight us-again. Much good it will do us to burn his image now!

(ENTER RUSTIC at a furious pace in shirt-sleeves his smock-frock on his arm)

RUSTIC — (wiping his face) Says I, please God I'll lose a quarter to zee he burned! And I left Stourcastle at dree o'clock to a minute. And if I'd known that I should be too late to zee the beginning on't I'd have lost a half to be a bit sooner.

YEOMAN — Oh, ye be soon enough. He's just going to be lighted.

RUSTIC — But shall I zee en die? I wanted to see if he'd die hard.

YEOMAN — Why, you don't suppose that Boney himself is to be burned here?

RUSTIC — What - not Boney that's to be burned?

A WOMAN — Why, bless the poor man, no! This is only a mommet they've made of him, that's got neither chine nor chitlings. His innards be only a lock of straw from Bridle's barton.

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It is the dusk of a spring evening, and a great crowd has gathered, including the Vicar of the Parish. The local band is playing.

So he's escaped, and going to fight us again. Much good it will do us to burn his image now!

(MISTER BUSTIC at a furious pace in shirt-sleeves his sneck-lock on his arm)

(wiping his face) Save I, please God I'll lose a quarter to see he burned! And I left Stourcastle at three o'clock to a minute. And if I'd known that I should be too late to see the beginning on't I'd have lost a half to be a bit sooner.

Oh, ye be soon enough. He's just going to be lighted.

But shall I see en die? I wanted to see if he'd die hard.

Why, you don't suppose that Honey himself is to be burned here?

What - not Honey that's to be burned?

Why, bless the poor man, no! This is only a moment they've made of him, that's got neither crime nor guilt-liness. His innards be only a look of straw from Bridle's barton.

(N.B. The following speech bracketted in red can be cut if necessary)

LONGWAYS

[He's made, neighbour, of a' old cast jacket and breeches from our barracks here. Likeways Grammar Pawle gave us Cap'n Megg's old Zunday shirt that she's saved for tinder-box linnit: and Keeper Tricksey of Mellstock emptied his powder-horn into a barm-bladder, to make his heart wi'.]

RUSTIC

(vehemently) Then there's no honesty left in Wessex folk now-a-days at all! "Boney's going to be burned on Durnover Green to-night", that was what a pa'cel of chaps said to me out Stourcastle way, and I thought, to be sure I did, that he'd been catched sailing from his islant and landed at Budmouth and brought to Casterbridge Jail, the natural retreat of malefactors! - False deceivers - making me lose a quarter who can ill afford it; and all for nothing!

LONGWAYS

'Tisn't a mo'sel o' good for thee to cry out against Wessex folk, when 'twas all thy own stumpoll ignorance!

(The Vicar of Durnover removes his pipe and spits perpendicularly)

VICAR

My dear misguided man, you don't imagine that we should be so inhuman in this Christian country as to burn a fellow creature alive?

RUSTIC

Faith, I won't say I didn't! Durnover folk have never had the highest of Christian characters, come to that. And I didn't know but that even a pa'son might backslide to such things in these gory times - I won't say on a Zunday, but on a week-night like this - when we think what a blasphemious rascal he is, and that there's not a more charnel-minded villain towards womenfolk in the whole world.

(The effigy has by this time been kindled and they watch it burn.

(N.B. The following speech broadcasted in real pea
be cut if necessary)

He's made, neighbour, of a' old cast jacket and
breeches from our barracks here. Likewise Grammer
Pawle gave us Cap'n Nagg's old Sunday shirt that she's
saved for tinder-box linnit: and Keeper Trickaby of
Mellstock emptied his powder-horn into a bare-bladder,
to make His heart wi'.

(vehemently) Then there's no honesty left in Wessex
folk now-a-days at all! "Money's going to be burned on
Durnover Green to-night", that was what a pa'sel of
chaps said to me out Stourcastle way, and I thought, to
be sure I did, that he'd been cactched sailing from
his island and landed at Budmouth and brought to Cas-
terbridge Jail, the natural retreat of malefactors! -
Wales deceivers - making me jape a quarter who can ill
afford it; and all for nothing!

'Tisn't a mo'sel o' good for thee to cry out against
Wessex folk, when 'twas all thy own stumpoll ignor-
ance!

(The Vicar of Durnover removes his pipe and
splits peripendicularly)

My dear misguided man, You don't imagine that we
should be so inhuman in this Christian country as to
burn a fellow creature alive?

Fath, I won't say I didn't! Durnover folk have never
had the highest of Christian characters, come to
that. And I didn't know but that even a pa'son might
hankerside to such things in these gory times - I won't
say on a Sunday, but on a week-night like this - when
we think what a blasphemious rascal he is, and that
there's not a more charnel-minded villain towards
womenfolk in the whole world.

(The effigy has by this time been kindled and
they watch it burn.

WOMAN (singing)
Bayonets and firelocks!
I wouldn't my mammy should know't
But I've been kissed in a sentry-box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's coat!

PRIVATE CANTLE Talk of backsliding to burn Boney, I can backslide to anything when my blood is up, or rise to anything, thank God for't! Why, I shouldn't mind fighting Boney single-handed, if so be I had the choice o' weapons, and fresh flints in my flint-box, and could get at him down-hill! Yes, I'm a dangerous hand with a pistol now and then!. . . Hark, what's that?

(A horn is heard)

Ah, here comes the mail. Now we may learn something. Nothing boldens my nerves like news of slaughter!

READER There enters upon the scene the mail-coach and steaming horses. It halts for a minute in the background while the wheel is skidded.

(ENTER GUARD)

SEVERAL What was the latest news from abroad, guard, when you left Piccadilly White-Horse-Cellar?

GUARD You have heard, I suppose, that he's given up to public vengeance, by Gover'ment orders? Anybody may take his life in any way, fair or foul, and no questions asked. But Marshal Ney, who was sent to fight him, flung his arms round his neck and joined him with all his men. Next, the telegraph from Plymouth sends news landed there by The Sparrow, that he has reached Paris, and King Louis has fled!

(The VICAR of Durnover blows a cloud of smoke, and again spits perpendicularly)

VICAR Well, I'm da - Dear me, dear me! The Lord's will be done.

(singing)

Bayonets and fire-locks!
I wouldn't my mammy should know't
But I've been kissed in a sentry-box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's coat!

Talk of buckskinning to burn money, I can buckskin to anything when my blood is up, or rise to anything, thank God for't! Why, I shouldn't mind fighting Nancy single-handed, if so be I had the choice o' weapons, and fresh flints in my flint-box, and could get at him down-hill! Yes, I'm a dangerous hand with a pistol now and then. . . Mark, what's that?

(A horn is heard)

Ah, here comes the mail. Now we may learn something. Nothing hoidens my nerves like news of slaughter!

There enters upon the scene the mail-coach and steaming horses. It halts for a minute in the background while the wheel is skidded.

(MATTHEW GUARD)

What was the latest news from abroad, Guard, when you left Piccadilly White-Horse-Cellar?

You have heard, I suppose, that he's given up to public vengeance, by Government ordera? Anybody may take his life in any way, fair or foul, and no questions asked. But Marshal Ney, who was sent to fight him, flung his arms round his neck and joined him with all his men. Next, the telegraph from Plymouth sends news landed there by The Sparrow, that he has reached Paris, and King Louis has fled!

(The VICAR of Dunmover blows a cloud of smoke, and again splits perpendicularly)

Well, I'm da - Dear me, dear me! The Lord's will be done.

GUARD

And there are to be four armies sent against him - English, Prussian, Austrian and Russian: the first two under Wellington and Blucher. And just as we left London a show was opened of Boney on horseback as large as life, hung up with his head downwards. Admission one shilling; children half-price. A truly patriotic spectacle! --not that yours here is bad for a simple country place!

(EXIT GUARD and the crowd reflectively watch the burning)

WOMAN

(singing)

I.

My Love's gone a-fighting
Where war-trumpets call,
The wrongs o' men righting
Wi' carbine and ball
And sabre for smiting-
And charger and all!

II

Of whom does he think there
Where war-trumpets call?
To whom does he drink there,
Wi' carbine and ball
On battle's red brink there,
And charger and all?

III

Her, whose voice he heard humming
Where war-trumpets call,
"I wait, Love, thy coming
Wi' carbine and ball,
And bandsmen a-drumming-
Thee, charger and all!"

"N.B. Music, by a lately deceased composer, can be supplied by T.H.)

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English, Prussian, Austrian and Russian: the first
two under Wellington and Blucher. And just as we
left London a show was opened of Money on horseback
as large as life, hung up with his head downwards.
Admission one shilling; children half-price. A truly
patriotic spectacle! --not that you're here is bad for
a single country place!

(EXIT GUARD and the crowd reflectively watch
the burning)

(singing)

I.

My love's gone a-fighting
Where war-trumpets call,
The wrongs o' man righting
Wi' carbine and ball
And sabre for smiting
And charger and all!

II

Of whom does he think there
Where war-trumpets call?
To whom does he drink there,
Wi' carbine and ball
On battle's red brink there,
And charger and all?

III

Her, whose voice he hears humming
Where war-trumpets call,
"I wait, Love, thy coming
Wi' carbine and ball,
And bandsmen a-drumming
Thee, charger and all!"

("M.B. Music, by a lately deceased composer, can
be supplied by T.H.)

SCENE III

A Ball-room in Brussels. An alcove behind, with a table etc. The alcove is raised a step above room in front.

Following out the plan we have ventured to adopt, that of personally conducting the audience through Space and Time to each cardinal scene of this eventful drama, we now cross the Channel again to Brussels, and enter a famous ballroom there on the night of the fifteenth of June ensuing.
It is nearly twelve o'clock, and the apartment is brilliantly lighted with wax candles. In the background is a string band. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are the host and hostess and the room is crowded with a gay assemblage of more than two hundred of the distinguished people sojourning in the city on account of the war; and local personages of state and fashion. The band is playing "The White Cockade" and a country dance is proceeding merrily.
Among those we discern present either dancing or looking on, in addition to the Duke and Duchess, are the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, the Mayor of Brussels, and of British officers Lord Hill, Lord Uxbridge, Byng, Hay, Ponsonby, Picton Maitland and many others.

(Band heard off)

(ENTER alcove the Prince of Ornage, followed by an aide, who delivers to him a dispatch, which he opens and reads)

(EXIT AIDE)

SCENE III

A Ball-room in Brussels. An alcove behind, with a table etc. The alcove is raised a step above room in front.

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(Band leaves off)

(ENTER above the Prince of Orange, followed by an aide, who delivers to him a dispatch, which he opens and reads)

(EXIT AIDE)

(ENTER alcove WELLINGTON, who also reads dispatch, and beckons off stage. ENTER alcove RICHMOND. They converse over dispatch with serious faces)

(ENTER in front, outside alcove, a young officer and his partner. The aide Re-enters and crosses by Officer, to whom he whispers hastily and EXIT)

YOUNG OFFICER (To Partner)
The French have passed the Sambre at Charleroi!

PARTNER
What - does it mean that Bonaparte indeed
Is bearing down upon us?

YOUNG OFFICER
That is so
The one who spoke to me in passing out
Is Aide to the Prince of Orange, bringing him
Dispatches from Rebecque, his chief of staff
Now at the front, not far from Braine le Comte
He says that Ney, leading the French van-guard,
Has burst on Quatre-Bras.

PARTNER
Oh horrid time!
Will you, then, have to go and face them there?

YOUNG OFFICER
I shall, of course, sweet. Promptly, too, no doubt.
(He gazes about the room)
See - the news spreads; the dance is paralysed.
They are all whispering round.

(The Band stops)

Here comes one more,
He's the attaché from the Prussian force
At our headquarters. Yes, you see, it's true!
The army will prepare to march at once.

(EXEUNT)

(BRUNSWICK ENTERS alcove. PICTON and another below)

PICTON (to the other General) I am dam glad we are to be off

(to the other General) I am glad we are to be off.

(RHINEWICK ENTERS alcove. PICTON and another
below)

(EXEUNT)

The army will prepare to march at once.
At our headquarters. Yes, you see, it's true!
He's the attache from the Prussian force
Here comes one more,

(The Band stops)

They are all whispering round.
See - the news spreads; the dance is paralysed.

(He leaves about the room)

I shall, of course, sweet. Promptly, too, no doubt.

Will you, then, have to go and face them there?

Oh horrid time!

Has burst on Quatre-Bras.
He says that Ney, leading the French van-guard,
Now at the front, not far from Frasne le Comte
Dispatches from Rebecque, his chief of staff
Is Aide to the Prince of Orange, bringing him
The one who spoke to me in passing out
That is so

Is bearing down upon us?
What - does it mean that Bonaparte indeed

The French have passed the Sambre at Charleroi!

(To Partner)

(HEXER in front, outside alcove, a young officer and WAIT)
crosses by officer, to whom he whispers hastily
figer and his partner. The side Re-enters and

(HEXER alcove WELLINGTON, who also reads dis-
patch, and beckons off stage. HEXER alcove
RICHMOND. They converse over dispatch with
serious faces)

Pottering about here pinned to petticoat tails - it does one no good, but blasted harm!

(RE-ENTER YOUNG OFFICER, PARTNER and others)

A GUEST — The ball cannot go on, can it? Didn't the Duke know the French were so near? If he did, how could he let us run risks so coolly?

(ENTER the DUCHESS of RICHMOND - she beckons to her husband, who descends from alcove)

DUCHESS — Ought I to stop the ball? It hardly seems right to let it continue if all be true.

RICHMOND — I have put that very question to Wellington, my dear. He says that we need not hurry off the guests. The men have to assemble some time before the officers, who can stay on here a little longer without inconvenience; and he would prefer that they should, not to create a panic in the city, where the friends and spies of Napoleon are all agog for some such thing, which they would instantly communicate to him to take advantage of.

DUCHESS — Is it safe to stay on? Should we not be thinking about getting the children away?

RICHMOND — There's no hurry at all, even if Bonaparte were really sure to enter. But he's never going to set foot in Brussels - don't you imagine it for a moment.

DUCHESS — (anxiously) I hope not. But I wish we had never brought them here!

RICHMOND — It is too late, my dear, to wish that now. Don't be flurried; make the people go on dancing.

(The DUCHESS returns to her guests. The DUKE rejoins WELLINGTON, BRUNSWICK and the PRINCE of ORANGE in the alcove. Band resumes, and plays faintly through ensuing conversation)

WELLINGTON — We need not be astride till five o'clock
If all the men are marshalled well ahead

Pottering about here pinned to petticoat tails - it does one no good, but blasted hard!

(RE-ENTER YOUNG OFFICER, PARTNER and others)

The ball cannot go on, can it? Didn't the Duke know the French were so near? If he did, how could he let us run risks so coolly?

(ENTER the DUCHESS of RICHMOND - she beckons to her husband, who descends from alcove)

Ought I to stop the ball? It hardly seems right to let it continue if all be true.

I have put that very question to Wellington, my dear. He says that we need not hurry off the minute. The man have to assemble some time before the officers, who can stay on here a little longer without inconvenience; and he would prefer that they should, not to create a panic in the city, where the friends and spies of Napoleon are all agog for some such thing, which they would instantly communicate to him to take advantage of.

Is it safe to stay on? Should we not be thinking about getting the children away?

There's no hurry at all, even if Bonaparte were really sure to enter. But he's never going to set foot in Brussels - don't you imagine it for a moment.

(anxiously) I hope not. But I wish we had never brought them here!

It is too late, my dear, to wish that now. Don't be flurried; make the people go on dancing.

(The DUCHESS returns to her minuet. The DUKE rejoins WELLINGTON, BRUNSWICK and the PRINCE of ORANGE in the alcove. Hard rearmee, and playe faintly through ensuing conversation)

We need not be astride till five o'clock
If all the men are marshalled well ahead

The Brussels citizens must not suppose
They stand in serious peril. . . He, I think,
Directs his main attack mistakenly;
It should have been through Mons, not Charleroi.

P. of ORANGE
The Austrian armies, and the Russian, too,
Will show nowhere in this. The thing that's done,
Be it a historied feat or nine days fizz
Will be done long before they join us here.

WELLINGTON
Yes, faith; and 'tis a pity. But, by God
Blucher, I think, and I can make a shift
To do the business without troubling 'em!
Though I've an infamous army, that's the truth, -
Weak, and but ill-equipped -- and what's as bad,
A damned unpractised staff!

P: OF ORANGE
We'll hope for luck
Blucher concentrates certainly by now
Near Ligny, as he says in his dispatch
Your Grace, I glean, will mass at Quatre-Bras?

WELLINGTON
Ay, now we are sure this move on Charleroi
Is no mere feint. Though I had meant Nivelles -
Have ye a good map, Richmond, near at hand?

RICHMOND
In the next room there's one.

(EXIT RICHMOND)

PRINCE OF ORANGE
As my divisions seem to lie around
The probable point of impact it behoves me
To start at once, Duke, for Genappe, I deem?
Being in Brussels, all for this damned ball,
The dispositions out there have, so far,
Been made by young Saxe Weimar and Perponcher,
On their own judgment quite. I go, your Grace?

WELLINGTON
Yes, certainly. 'Tis now desirable
Farewell! Good luck, until we meet again,
The battle won!

(EXIT PRINCE OF ORANGE)

The Brussels citizens must not suppose
They stand in serious peril. . . He, I think,
Directs his main attack mistakenly;
It should have been through Mons, not Charleroi.

The Austrian armies, and the Russian, too,
Will show nowhere in this. The thing that's done,
He is a bisteried feat or nine days flan
Will be done long before they join us here.

Yes, faith; and 'tis a pity. But, by God
Blucher, I think, and I can make a shift
To do the business without trumpling 'em!
Though I've an infamous army, that's the truth, -
Weak, and but ill-equipped - and what's an had,
A damned unpracticed staff!

We'll hope for luck
Blucher concentrates certainly by noon
Near Ligny, as he says in his dispatch
Your Grace, I glean, will mass at Quatre-Bras?

Ay, now we are sure this move on Charleroi
Is no mere feint. Though I had meant Nivelles
Have ye a good map, Richmond, near at hand?

In the next room there's one.

(EXIT RICHMOND)

As my division seem to lie around
The probable point of impact it behoves me
To start at once, Duke, for Genappe, I deem?
Being in Brussels, all for this damned ball,
The dispositions out there have, so far,
Been made by young Saxe Weimar and Perponcher,
On their own judgment quite. I go, your Grace?

Yes, certainly. 'Tis now desirable
Farewell! Good luck, until we meet again,
The battle won!

(EXIT PRINCE OF ORANGE)

(RICHMOND returns with a map, which he spreads out on the table. WELLINGTON scans it closely)

Napoleon has befooled me,
By God he has - gained four-and-twenty hours
Good march upon me!

RICHMOND

What do you mean to do?

WELLINGTON

I have bidden the army concentrate in strength
At Quatre-Bras. But we shan't stop him there;
So I must fight him here.

(He marks Waterloo with his thumb-nail)

Well, now I have sped
All necessary orders I may sup,
And then must say good-bye.
(to BRUNSWICK)
This very day
There will be fighting, Duke. You are fit to start?

BRUNSWICK

(coming forward)
I leave almost this moment - Yes, your Grace -
And I sheath not my sword till I have avenged
My father's death. I have sworn it!

WELLINGTON

My good friend
Something too solemn knells beneath your words
Take cheerful views of the affair in hand,
And fall to't with sang froid.

BRUNSWICK

But I have sworn!
Adieu. The rendezvous is Quatre-Bras?

WELLINGTON

Just so. The order is unchanged, Adieu!
But only till a later hour to-day;
I see it is one o'clock.

(N.B. Band may cease here)

(WELLINGTON and RICHMOND go out of the alcove and join the hostess who re-enters below alcove - BRUNSWICK's black figure being left there

alone. He bends over the map for a few seconds)

CHORUS (S & A)
O Brunswick, Duke of Deathwounds! Even as he
For whom thou wear'st that filial weedery
Was waylaid by my tipstaff nine years since,
So thou, this day, shall feel his fondless tap,
And join thy Sire!

BRUNSWICK (starting up)
I am stirred by inner words
As 'twere my father's angel calling me -
That prelude to our death my lineage know!

(He stands in a reverie for a moment; then, bidding no one adieu goes slowly out of the alcove by a side-door)

DUCHESS
The Duke of Brunswick bore him gravely here.
His sable shape has struck me all the eve
As one of those romantic presences
We hear of - seldom see.

WELLINGTON (Phlegmatically)
Romantic - well,
It may be so. Times often, ever since
The late Duke's death, his mood has tinged him thus
He is of those brave men who danger see,
And seeing front it - not of those, less brave
But counted more, who face it sightlessly.

(EXEUNT WELLINGTON, DUKE and DUCHESS)

(Re-enter YOUNG OFFICER and PARTNER)

YOUNG OFFICER (To PARTNER)
The Generals slip away! I, Love, must take
The cobbled highway soon. Some hours ago
The French seized Charleroi; so they loom nigh!

PARTNER (uneasily)
Which tells me that the hour you draw your sword
Looms nigh us likewise!

(He stands in a reverie for a moment; then, bidding no one adieu rose slowly out of the alcove by a side-door)

The Duke of Brunswick bore him gravely here.
His ample shape has struck me all the eye
As one of those remarkid presences
We hear of - seldom see.

(Phlegmatically)

Romantic - well,
It may be so. Times often, ever since
The late Duke's death, his mood has tinged him thus
He is of those brave men who danger see,
And seeing front it - not of those, less brave
But counted more, who face it sightlessly.

(KEMBLE WELLINGTON, DUKE and DUCHESS)

(Re-enter YOUNG OFFICER and PARTNER)

(To PARTNER)

The Generals slip away! I, Love, must take
The cobbled highway soon. Some hours ago
The French seized Charleroi; so they loom nigh!

(uneasily)

Which tells me that the hour you drew your sword
Looms nigh us likewise!

YOUNG OFFICER

Some are saying here
We fight this very day. Rumours all-shaped
Fly round like cockchafers!

(Suddenly there echoes into the ballroom a long-drawn metallic purl of sound, making all the company start)

Ah.- there it is,
Just as I thought! They are beating the Generals.

Some are saying here
We fight this very day. Rumours all-shaped
Fly round like cockchafers!

(Suddenly there comes into the ballroom a long-drawn metallic purl of sound, making all the company start)

Ah - there it is,
Just as I thought! They are beating the Generals.

S C E N E IV

(A chamber overlooking a main street in Brussels.)

READER

It is a few hours after the ball, and we see the June sunbeams struggling through the window curtains of a chamber in a main street, leading from the Parc in Brussels to the Namur gate. The quick notes of a marching tune strike sharply into the bedroom from fifes and drums without.
A young lady in a dressing gown, who has evidently been awaiting such sounds, springs from her bed like a hare from its form, undraws the window-curtains, and opens the window.
Columns of British soldiery are marching past southward out of the city. The windows of other houses open and become full of gazers.
There is a tap at the door of the room. An older lady enters and comes up to the first.

(N.B. I suggest that drums, fifes, pipes, etc., are heard softly from different places behind all through this scene - but you will know best.)

(SCENE - The exterior of the window, with the two looking out.)

YOUNGER LADY (Turning) O Mamma - I didn't hear you!

OLDER LADY I was sound asleep till the thumping of the drums set me fantastically dreaming, and when I awoke I found they were real. Did they wake you, too, my dear?

SCENE IV

(A chamber overlooking a main street in Brussels.)

It is a few hours after the ball, and we see the Duke asleep struggling through the window curtains of a chamber in a main street, leading from the Parc in Brussels to the Manor Gate. The quick notes of a marching tune strike sharply into the bedroom from fifes and drums without.

A young lady in a dressing gown, who has evidently been awakening suddenly by cries, springs from her bed like a hare from its form, undraws the window-curtains, and opens the window.

There is a tap at the door of the room. An older lady enters and comes up to the first. Part southward out of the city. The windows of other houses open and become full of gazers.

Columns of British soldiery are marching

(N.B. I suppose that drums, fifes, pipes, etc., are heard softly from different places behind all through this scene - but you will know best.)

(SCENE - The exterior of the window, with the two looking out.)

YOUNGER LADY

ELDER LADY

(Thinking) O Emma - I didn't hear you!

I was sound asleep till the thumping of the drums set me fantastically dreaming, and when I awoke I found they were real. Did they wake you, too, my dear?

READER

YOUNGER LADY (Reluctantly) I didn't require waking. I hadn't slept since we came home.

ELDER LADY That was the excitement of the ball. There are dark rings round your eyes.

(Fifes and drums)

Ah - that tune - which so many thousands of women have throbbed an accompaniment to, and will again to-day if ever they did!

YOUNGER LADY (Her voice faltering) It is rather cruel to say that just now, Mamma. There, I can't look at them after it. (She turns and wipes her eyes)

ELDER LADY I wasn't thinking of ourselves - certainly not of you. How they press on - with those great knapsacks and firelocks and, I am told, fifty-six rounds of ball-cartridge, and four days' provisions in those haversacks. How can they carry it all near twenty-miles and fight with it on their shoulders?.....Don't cry, dear. I thought you would get sentimental last night over somebody. I ought to have brought you home sooner. How many dances did you have? It was impossible for me to look after you in the excitement of the war-tidings.

YOUNGER LADY Only three - four.

ELDER LADY Which were they?

YOUNGER LADY "Enrico", the "Copenhagen Waltz" and the "Hanoverian", and the "Prime of Life."

OLDER LADY It was very foolish to fall in love on the strength of four dances.

YOUNGER LADY (Reluctantly) I didn't require waking. I hadn't slept since we came home.

ELDER LADY That was the excitement of the ball. There are dark rings round your eyes.

(Pipes and drums)

Ah - that tune - which so many thousands of women have throbbed on accompaniment to, and will again to-day if ever they did!

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YOUNGER LADY Only three - four.

ELDER LADY Which were they?

YOUNGER LADY "Burlee", the "Copenhagen Waltz" and the "Hanoverian", and the "Prime of Life."

ELDER LADY It was very foolish to fall in love on the strength of four dances.

YOUNGER LADY — (Evasively) Fall in love? Who said I had fallen in Love? What a funny idea!

ELDER LADY — Is it?.....There go the Highland Brigade with their pipes and their "Hieland Laddie." How the sweethearts cling to the men's arms. (Reaching forward) There will be more regiments to follow. But look, that gentleman opposite knows us. I cannot remember his name. (She bows and calls across) Sir, which are coming next?

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE — The Ninety-second. I think, the Forty-ninth, and next the Forty-second - Sir Denis Pack's brigade.

ELDER LADY — Thank you - I think it is that gentleman we talked to at the Duchess's, but I am not sure.

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE — There are many more to come. I am looking for the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second - Kempt's brigade. (He reaches out) Endless, are they not?

ELDER LADY — Yes, sir. Has the Duke passed out yet?

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE — Not yet. Some cavalry will go by first, I think. I see in the distance the Seventy-ninth, and I am told they will be followed by the Ninety-fifth. You must watch for the First Foot-Guards. They will be playing "British Grenadiers" for certain.....And for the Fusilier-Guards and Coldstreams. Several Hanoverian regiments under Colonel Best are on their way by another street. (Distant band heard) Poor fellows!

(An interval)

ELDER LADY — (To daughter) Here are the Hussars. How much more they carry to battle than at reviews! The hay in those great nets must encumber them.

YOUNGER LADY (Evasively) Who? In love? Who said I had fallen in love? What a funny idea!

ELDER LADY Is it?.....There go the Highland Brigade with their pipes and their "Highland Laddie." How the sweethearts cling to the men's arms. (Reaching forward) There will be more regiments to follow. But look, that gentleman opposite knows me. I cannot remember his name. (She bows and calls across) Sir, which are coming next?

GENTLEMAN The Ninety-second. I think, the Forty-ninth, and next the Forty-second - Sir Denis Peck's brigade.

ELDER LADY Thank you - I think it is that gentleman we talked to at the Duchess's, but I am not sure.

GENTLEMAN There are many more to come. I am looking for the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second - Tompt's brigade. (He reaches out) Undress, are they not?

ELDER LADY Yes, sir. Has the Duke passed out yet?

GENTLEMAN Not yet. Some cavalry will go by first, I think. I see in the distance the Seventy-ninth, and I am told they will be followed by the Ninety-fifth. You must watch for the First Foot-Guards. They will be playing "British Grenadiers" for certain.....And for the Household-Guards and dolefrems. Several Honourable regiments under colonel Beat are on their way by another street. (Distant band heard) Poor fellows!

(An interval)

YOUNGER LADY (To daughter) Here are the masters. How much more they carry to battle them at revlewal The day in those great nets must encumber them.

(She turns and looks keenly at daughter who has waved her handkerchief)

Ah, now I know. He has just gone by. You exchanged signals with him, you wicked girl. How do you know what his character is, or if he'll ever come back?

(The younger Lady sobs silently and disappears. Her mother glances round at her, but leaves her alone. An Interval. Prancing heard without)

GENTLEMEN OPPOSITE — (Calling) Here comes the Duke!

ELDER LADY — (To younger) You have left the window at the most important time! The Duke of Wellington and his staff-officers are passing out)

YOUNGER LADY — I don't want to see him. I don't want to see anything ever any more!

(She turns and looks keenly at daughter who has waved her handkerchief)

Ah, now I know. He has just gone by. You exchanged signals with him, you wicked girl. How do you know what his character is, e' he'll ever come back?

(The younger Lady sobs silently and disappears. Her mother glances round at her, but leaves her alone. An Interval. Evening heard without)

(Calling) Here come a the Duke!

(To Younger) You have left the window at the most important time! The Duke of Wellington and his staff-officers are passing out)

I don't want to see him. I don't want to see anything ever any more!

SCENE V

(The field of Quatre-Bras)

READER

The same day, marching south, the troops gain the field of Quatre-Bras, where the British and Hanoverian position is attacked by the French under Ney.

(N.B. READER continues, or SEMICHORUSES in Str: and Antistr: take up the theme)

(S) The cannonade redoubles! Lines we see
Of foot, supported by Fleet cavalry!

(A) The French have heaved them on the Brunswickers,
And now the Duke's hour comes. A bullet whirrs,
And in his gallop he is seen to fall
As in his forecast at the Brussels ball.....

(S) Neither those regiments nor the nearer yield:
The English forces bivouac on the field.

(A) Next morning they withdraw with sturdy pace,
To make a stand upon their chosen place.

(S) In rain and storm they plod along the way
With frothy horses till the close of day.

(A) Then touched by nightfall's damp and dreary hue
They mount the slope in front of Waterloo!

(Arrival at Waterloo)

READER

The rising ground of Mont Saint-Jean, being gained by the English vanguard, and main masses of foot, they are joined by the cavalry and artillery.
The French, a little later, take up their position amid the cornfields of La Belle Alliance.

SCENE V

(The field of Quatre-Bras)

The same day, morning sunup, the troops gain the field of Quatre-Bras, where the British and Hanoverian position is attacked by the French under Ney.

(N.B. READER continues, or SPEAKSOMEONE in Str: and Antiatr: take up the theme)

The commonde redoubles! Lines we see
Of foot, supported by fleet cavalry!

The French have heaved them on the Brunswickers,
And now the Duke's hour comes. A bullet whirrs,
And in his gallop he is seen to fall
As in his forecast at the Brussels ball.....

Neither these regiments nor the master yield!
The English forces bivouac on the field.

Next morning they withdrew with sturdy poise,
To make a stand upon their chosen plans.

In rain and storm they plod along the way
With frosty horses till the close of day.

Then touched by nightfall's damp and dreary hue
They mount the slope in front of Waterloo!

(Arrival at Waterloo)

The rising ground of mont Saint-Jean, being gained by the English vanguard, and main masses of foot, they are joined by the cavalry and artillery.

The French, a little later, take up their position amid the cornfields of la Belle Alliance.

Fires begin to shine up from the English bivouacs, camp kettles are slung, and the men pile arms and stand round the blaze to dry themselves. The French opposite lie down like dead men in the dripping green wheat and rye, without supper and without fire.
By and by the English army also lies down, the men huddling together on the ploughed mud in their wet blankets, while some sleep sitting round the dying fires, which go out, and silence prevails, save for the soft hiss of the rain that falls impartially on both the sleeping armies.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

(Aerial music)
The eyelids of eve fall together at last,
And the forms so foreign to field and tree -
Lie down as though native, and slumber fast!

SEMICHORUS II (A)

Here are the thrills of misgiving we see
In the artless campaign at this harlequinade,
Distracting a vigil where calm should be!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

The green seems oppress, and the plain afraid
Of a Something to come, whereof these are the proofs,-
Neither earthquake, nor storm, nor eclipse's shade!

SEMICHORUS II (A)

Yes, the coneys are scared by the thud of hoofs,
And their white scuts flash at their vanishing heels,
And swallows abandon the hamlet-roofs.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The lark's eggs scattered, their owners fled;
And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The snail draws in at the terrible tread,
But in vain; he is crushed by the fellow-rim -
The worm asks what can be overhead.

Three begin to shine up from the English
pinewoods, camp fatties are slung, and the men
pile arms and stand round the flame to dry
themselves. The French officials lie down like
dead men in the dripping green mist and rye,
without supper and without fire.
By-and by the English army also lies down,
the men huddling together on the ploughed mud
in their wet blankets, while some sleep sitting
round the dying fires, which go out, and all make
prevalle, save for the sad hiss of the rain
that falls impartially on both the sleeping
armies.

(Aerial music)

The eyelids of eve fall together at last,
And the forms as foreign to field and tree
Lie down as through mutiny, and slumber fast!

Here are the thrills of misgiving we see
In the artless company at this Marlemminade,
Distracting a night where calm should be!

The grass seems aghast, and the pin afraid
Of a something to come, whereof these are the proofs,-
Neither earthquake, nor storm, nor soldiers's shade!

Yea, the concave are spared by the thud of hoofs,
And their White souls flash at their vanishing heels,
And swallows abandon the haunt-roofs.

The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The larks' eggs scattered, their owners fled;
And the hedgehog's home amid the sapper weeds.

The small drama in at the terrible trend,
But in vain; he is crushed by the fellow-vim -
The worm asks what can be overhead.

SEMICHORUS I
(S)

And wriggles deep from a scene so grim
And guesses him safe; for he does not know
What a foul red flood will be soaking him!

SEMICHORUS II
(A)

Beaten about by the heel and toe
Are butterflies, sick of the day's long rheum,
To die of a worse than the weather-foe.

SEMICHORUS I
(S)

Trodden and bruised to a miry tomb
Are ears that have greened but will never be gold,
And flowers in the bud that will never bloom.

(N.B. The following passages bracketted in red can be omitted if time demands it)

CHORUS
(S & A)

So the season't intent, ere its fruit unfold,
Is frustrate, and mangled, and made succumb,
Like a youth of promise struck stark and cold!.....

SEMICHORUS I
(S)

And what of these who to-night have come?

SEMICHORUS II
(A)

The young sleep sound; but the weather awakes
In the veterans, pains from the past that numb.

SEMICHORUS I
(S)

Old stabs of Ind, old Peninsular aches
Old Friedland chills, haunt their moist mud bed,
Cramps from Austerlitz; till their slumber breaks.

CHORUS
(S & A)

And each soul shivers as sinks his head
On the loam he's to lease with the other dead
From to-morrow's mist-fall till Time be sped!

SCENE VI

The Field of Waterloo.

READER

It is Sunday morning, the eighteenth of June, 1815. The sky is still overcast, and rain still falls. On the green expanse the French and English positions are distinctly seen, with a shallow valley between them.
The clock of Nivelles strikes eleven in the distance. Shortly after, coils of grey smoke burst into being along the French lines, and the English batteries respond.
To the left of the French, and right of the English, stands the Chateau of Hougomont. The French approach it, but are received by a deadly fire from the English within.

(Scene. The French position)

(A table discovered standing on the grass (or rye) with a chair beside it. Maps on the table)

(ENTER NAPOLEON, SOULT and other marshals. NAPOLEON looks through his glass off)

NAPOLEON

Let Reille be warned that these his surly sets
On Hougomont chateau, can scarce defray
Their mounting bill of blood. They do not touch
The core of my intent - to pierce and roll
The centre upon the right of those opposed.
Thereon will turn the outcome of the day,
In which our odds are ninety to their ten!

SOULT

Yes - prove there time and promptitude enough
To call back Grouchy here. Of his approach
I see no sign.

NAPOLEON

(Roughly)

Hours past he was bid come.
- But naught imports it! We are enough without him.

SCENE VI

The Field of Waterloo.

It is Sunday morning, the eighteenth of June, 1815. The sky is still overcast, and rain still falls. On the green expanse the French and English positions are distinctly seen, with a shallow valley between them.

The clock of Nivelles strikes eleven in the distance. Shortly after, coils of gray smoke burst into being along the French lines, and the English batteries respond.

To the left of the French, and right of the English, stands the Chateau of Hougoumont. The French approach it, but are received by a deadly fire from the English within.

(Soon. The French position)

(A table discovered standing on the grass (or rye) with a chair beside it. Maps on the table)

(NAPOLEON, DROUET and other marshals. NAPOLEON looks through his glass off)

Let Ney'lle be warned that these his murky eyes On Hougoumont shotmen, can scarce decry Their mounting pill of blood. They do not touch The core of my intent - to pierce and roll The centre upon the right of those opposed. Thereon will turn the outcome of the day, In which our odds are ninety to their ten!

Yea - prove there time and promptitude enough To call back Grouchy here. Of his approach I see no sign.

(Roughly)

- But naught imports it! We are enough without him. Hours past he was bid come.

You have been beaten by this Wellington,
And so you think him great. But let me teach you
Wellington is no foe to reckon with!
His army, too, is poor. This clash to-day
Is not more serious for our seasoned files
Then breakfasting.

SOULT

Such is my earnest hope.

(ENTER an AIDE-DE-CAMP)

AIDE

From Marshal Ney,
Sire, I bring hasty word that all is poised
To strike the vital stroke, and only waits
Your Majesty's command.

NAPOLEON

Which he shall have
When I have scanned the hills for Grouchy's helms.
I see a darkly crawling, slug-like shape
Embodying far out there, - troops seemingly -
Grouchy's van-guard. What think you?

SOULT

(Also examining closely)

Verily troops;
And, maybe, grouchy's. But the air is hazed.

NAPOLEON

If troops at all, they are Grouchy's. Why misgive,
And force on ills you fear?

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It seems a wood.
Trees don bold outlines in their new-leafed pride.

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It is the creeping shadow from a cloud.

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It is a mass of stationary foot;
I can descry piled arms.

(Curtain falls)

READER

Napoleon gazes intently as he takes snuff. In a moment he sends off the order for Ney's cavalry attack - the grand assault on the English midst,

Napoleon passes instantly as he takes aim. In a moment he sends off the order for Ney's cavalry attack - the grand assault on the English midst.

(Curtain falls)

I can descry piked arms.
I'll a rumor of artillery foot;

It is the creeping shadow from a cloud.

Trees don bold outlines in their new-leafed pride.
It seems a wood.

And force on ills Von Tsar!
If troops at all, they are Grouchy's. Why misgive,

And, marks, grouchy's. But the air is hazed.
Verily troops!

(Also examining closely)

Grouchy's vanguard. What think you?
Shadowing far out there, - troops assuringly -
I see a darkly creeping, slug-like shape
When I have assumed the hills for Grouchy's palms.
Which be ahail have

Your Majesty's command.
To strike the vital stroke, and only waits
Sire, I bring hasty word that all is poised

From Marshal Ney,

(ENTER an AIDE-DE-CAMP)

Such is my outmost hope.

Thus prevailmeting.
Is not more actions for our assumed ills
His army, too, is poor. This climb to-day
Wellington is no foe to reckon with!
And so you think him great. But let me teach you
You have been beaten by this Wellington,

including the farm of La Haye Sainte. It opens with rolling smoke and deafening thunder from the artillery.
Four huge columns of infantry in support of the attack, shouting defiantly, push forwards in face of the English cannon. Their courage carries them so near Wellington's lines that the latter waver.

(Curtain rises)

NAPOLEON

All prospers marvellously! Gomont is hemmed;
La Haye Sainte too; their centre jeopardized;
Travers and d'Erlon dominate the crest,
And further strength of foot is following close.
Their troops are raw; the flowers of England's force
That fought in Spain, America now holds. -
To-night we sleep in Brussels!

(An AIDE ENTERS to NAPOLEON from GENERAL DOMON)

AIDE

The general, on a far reconnaissance,
Says, sire, there is no room for longer doubt
That those debouching on St. Lambert's Hill
Are Prussian files!

NAPOLEON

Then where is general Grouchy?

(ENTER COLONEL MARBOT with a prisoner)

Aha - a Prussian, too! How comes he here!

MARBOT

Sire, my hussars have captured him near Lasnes -
A note from Bulow to Lord Wellington,
Announcing that a Prussian corps is close,
Was found on him. He speaks our language, sire.

NAPOLEON

(To PRISONER)
What force looms yonder on St. Lambert's Hill?

PRISONER

General Count Bulow's van, your Majesty.

(A thoughtful scowl crosses NAPOLEON'S sallow face)

including the fate of La Haye Sainte. It opens with rolling smoke and deafening thunder from the artillery.

Four huge columns of infantry in support of the attack, shouting defiantly, wait forearms in face of the English cannon. Their courage carries them as near Wellington's lines that the latter swear.

(Curtain rises)

All prosper marvellously! Ground is honored; La Haye Sainte too; their centre jeopardized; Travers and d'Erlon dominate the crest, And further advantage of foot is following close. Their troops are ours; the flowers of England's force That fought in Spain, America now holds. - To-night we slay in triumph!

(An AIDE ENTERS to NAPOLEON from GENERAL DONON)

The general, on a far reconnaissance, Says, sire, there is no room for longer doubt That these debouching on St. Lambert's hill Are Prussian still!

Then where is General Grouchy?

(ENTER SOLDIER, MARMOT with a Prisoner)

Aha - a Prussian, too! How comes he here?

Sire, my dragoons have captured him near Lasnes - A note from Soult to Lord Wellington; Announcing that a Prussian corps is close, Was found on him. He speaks our language, also.

(To PRISONER)

What force Iodoc Vandor on St. Lambert's hill?

General count Bulow's van, Your Majesty.

(A thoughtful mood crosses NAPOLEON'S mellow face)

NAPOLEON — Where, then, did your main army lie last night?

PRISONER — At Wavre.

NAPOLEON — But clashed it with no frenchmen there?

PRISONER — With none. We deemed they had marched on Planecenoit.

NAPOLEON — (Shortly)
Take him away.

(THE PRISONER is removed)

Has Grouchy's whereabouts
Been sought, to apprize him of this Prussian trend?

SOULT — Certainly, sire. I sent a messenger.

NAPOLEON — (Bitterly)
A messenger! Had my poor Berthier been here
Six would have insufficed! Now then: seek Ney!
Bid him to sling the valour of his braves
Fiercely on England ere Count Bülow come;
He cannot join in time to share the fight.
And if he could, 'tis but a corps the more.....
This morning we had ninety chances ours,
We have three score still. If Grouchy but retrieve
His fault of absence, conquest comes with eve!

Where, then, did your main army lie last night?

At Wavre.

But cleared it with no Frenchman there?

With none. We deemed they had marched on Plancenoit.

(Shortly)

Take him away.

(THE PRISONER is removed)

Has Grouchy's whereabouts
Been sought, to apprise him of this Prussian trend?

Certainly, sire. I sent a messenger.

(Bitterly)

A messenger! Had my poor brother been there -
Six would have inscribed! How then: seek Ney!
Bid him to cling the valour of his braves
Fiercely on England are doing Belle come;
He cannot join in time to share the fight.
And if he could, 'tis but a corpse the more.....
This morning we had nicely chances ours,
We have three aces still. It grossly but retrieve
His fault of absence, conquest came with ease!

NAPOLEON
PRISONER
NAPOLEON
PRISONER
NAPOLEON
SOUT
NAPOLEON

SCENE VII

(The Field of Waterloo. The English Position)

READER

We are now transported on the wings of fancy to the other side of the valley in the twinkling of an eye.
Wellington is under a prominent elm tree on that side. Around him are several staff-officers and aides. Sir Thomas Picton has fallen dead, with a bullet through his forehead. Tyler, his aide, has dragged the body beneath a tree, and comes forward to tell Wellington what has befallen. The roar of battle continues.

WELLINGTON

I am grieved at losing Picton; more than grieved.
He was as grim a devil as ever lived,
And roughish- mouthed withal. But never a man
More stout in fight, more stoical in blame!

TYLER

Before he left for this campaign he said,
"When you shall hear of my death, mark my words,
You'll hear of a bloody day!" and, on my soul,
'Tis true.

(ENTER another AIDE-DE-CAMP)

AIDE

Sir William Ponsonby, my lords, has fallen.
His horse got mud-stuck in a new-ploughed plot,
Lancers surrounded him and bore him down.

WELLINGTON

(Gravely)
Ah - so it comes!
The Greys were bound to pay - 'tis always so -
Full dearly for their dash so far afield.
What has become of Hill?

AIDE

We have not seen him latterly, your Grace.

WELLINGTON

By God, I hope I haven't lost him, too?

Where, then, did your men carry the last night?

At Wavre.

But cleared it with no Prussians there?

With none. We deemed they had marched on Blucher's.

(Shortly)
Take him away.

(THE PRISONER is removed)

Has Grouchy's wheresabouts
Been sought, to apprise him of this Prussian trend?

Certainly, sire. I sent a messenger.

(Bitterly)
A messenger! And my poor Berthier been here -
Six words have mollified! Now them: seek Ney!
Bid him to ailing the valour of his braves
Fiercely on England are point Belle come;
He cannot join in time to share the fight.
And if he could, 'tis but a corpse the more.....
This morning we had ninety chances ours,
We have three score still. If Grouchy but retrieve
His fault of absence, conquest comes with eve!

SCENE VII

(The Field of Waterloo. The English Position)

READER — We are now transported on the wings of fancy to the other side of the valley in the twinkling of an eye.
Wellington is under a prominent elm tree on that side. Around him are several staff-officers and aides. Sir Thomas Picton has fallen dead, with a bullet through his forehead. Tyler, his aide, has dragged the body beneath a tree, and comes forward to tell Wellington what has befallen. The roar of battle continues.

WELLINGTON — I am grieved at losing Picton; more than grieved.
He was as grim a devil as ever lived,
And roughish- mouthed withal. But never a man
More stout in fight, more stoical in blame!

TYLER — Before he left for this campaign he said,
"When you shall hear of my death, mark my words,
You'll hear of a bloody day!" and, on my soul,
'Tis true.

(ENTER another AIDE-DE-CAMP)

AIDE — Sir William Ponsonby, my lords, has fallen.
His horse got mud-stuck in a new-ploughed plot,
Lancers surrounded him and bore him down.

WELLINGTON — (Gravely)
Ah - so it comes!
The Greys were bound to pay - 'tis always so -
Full dearly for their dash so far afield.
What has become of Hill?

AIDE — We have not seen him latterly, your Grace.

WELLINGTON — By God, I hope I haven't lost him, too?

SCENE VII

(The Wield of Watryfoe. The English Position)

We are now transported on the wings of fancy to the other side of the valley in the twinkling of an eye.

Wellington is under a predicament ole tree on that side. Around him are several staff-officers and aides. Sir Thomas Picton has fallen dead, with a ball at through his forehead. Tyler, his aide, has dragged the body beneath a tree, and comes forward to tell Wellington what has befallen. The roar of battle continues.

I am grieved at losing Picton; more than grieved.
We was as grim a devil as ever lived,
And roughish- mouthed withal. But never a man
More stout in fight, more stoked in blame!

Before he left for this camp-realm he said,
"When you shall hear of MY death, mark my words,
You'll hear of a bloody day!" and, on my soul,
'Tis true.

(ENTER another AIDE-DE-CAMP)

Sir William Fermorby, my lords, has fallen.
His horse got mid-stuck in a new-ploughed plot,
Lancers surrounded him and bore him down.

(Gravely)

Ah - so it comes!
The dogs were bound to pay - 'tis always so -
Full dearly for their dash so far afield.
What has become of Will?

We have not seen him instantly, your Grace.

By god, I hope I haven't lost him, too?

BRIDGEMAN (Just come up)
Lord Hill's bay charger, being shot dead, your Grace,
Rolled over him in falling. He is bruised,
But hopes to be in place again betimes.

WELLINGTON Praise Fate for thinking better of that frown!

READER It is now nearing four o'clock. La Haye Sainte is devastated by the second attack of Ney. The farm has been enveloped by the enemy, its garrison, the King's German Legion, having fought till all ammunition was exhausted. The gates are forced open, and in the retreat of the defenders to the Allied line, they are nearly all cut or shot down.

(WELLINGTON looks off through his glass, and turns to MUFFLING, his Prussian Attaché.)

WELLINGTON (Resolutely)
Despite their fierce advantage there, I swear
By every God that war can call upon
To hold our present place at any cost,
Until your forces co-operate with our lines!

MUFFLING (Looking at his watch)
I had hoped that Blücher would be here ere this.

(The staff turn their glasses on the French position)

UXBRIDGE What movement can it be they contemplate?

WELLINGTON A shock of cavalry on the hottest scale,
It seems to me.....

UXBRIDGE Ah - now we have got their long-brewed plot explained.

WELLINGTON (Nodding)
That this was rigged for some picked time to-day
I had inferred. But that it would be risked
Sheer on our lines unbroken, I reckoned not.

(Just come up)

Lord Hill's day charger, being shot dead, four times.
Rolled over him in trifling. He is bruised,
But hopes to be in place again betimes.

Perhaps Pete for thinking better of that frown!

It is now nearing four o'clock. La Haye Sainte
is devastated by the second attack of Ney. The
farm has been enveloped by the enemy, late
Erlon, the EMP's German Legion, having fought
still all ammunition was exhausted. The gates are
forced open, and in the retreat of the defenders
to the Allied line, they are nearly all cut or
dismembered.

(WELLINGTON looks off through his glass, and turns to WOMBLING, his Prussian Attaché.)

(Pensively)

Despite their fierce advantage there, I swear
By every god that war can call upon
To hold our present place at any cost,
Until your force co-operate with our line!

(Looking at his watch)

I had hoped that Blücher would be here ere this.

(The staff turn their glasses on the French position)

What movement can it be they contemplate?
A cloak of cavalry on the hottest scale,
It seems to me.....

Ah - now we have got their long-dreaded plot explained.

(Nodding)

That this was rigged for some placked time to-day
I had inferred. But that it would be risked
Sir or on our lines murdrem, I reckoned not.

It looks a madman's cruel enterprise!

FITZROY SOMERSET

We have just heard that Ney embarked on it
Without an order, ere its aptness riped.

WELLINGTON

It may be so; he's rash. And yet I doubt.
I know Napoleon. If the onset fail
It will be Ney's; if it succeed he'll claim it!

AIDE

Your Grace, the Ninety-fifth are patience-spent
With standing under fire so passing long.
They writhe to charge - or anything but stand!

WELLINGTON

Not yet. They shall have at 'em later on.
At present keep them firm.

(EXIT AIDE)

READER

The Allied squares stand like little red-brick castles, independent of each other, and motionless except at the dry hurried command "Close up", repeated every now and then as they are slowly thinned.

It looks a madman's grasp at temporal

We have just heard that they embarked on it
Without an order, ere its aptness riped.

It may be so; he's rash. And yet I doubt.
I know Napoleon. If the event fail
It will be Ney's; if it succeed he'll claim it!

Your graces, the Minoty-Tilth are Patience-apart
With steaming under fire so passing long.
They waiting to charge - or anything but attend!

Not yet. They shall have at 'un later on.
At present keep them firm.

(EXIT KING)

The Allied squares stand like little red-
brick castles, independent of each other, and
motionless except at the duly hurried command
"Form up", repeated every now and then as
they are slowly thinned.

S C E N E VIII.

The same. The French Position.

READER

Ney's charge of cavalry against them has been three times renewed without success. He collects the scattered squadrons to renew it a fourth time. The glittering host again ascends the slopes over the bodies of those previously left there, and amid horses wandering about without riders, or crying as they lie with limbs broken.
Napoleon has fallen into a drowsy stupefaction while looking on near the farm of Rossomme, till he nods in momentary sleep.

NAPOLEON

(Starting up)
A horrible dream has gripped me - horrible!
I saw before me Lannes - just as he looked
That day at Aspern: mutilated, bleeding!
"What - blood again?" he said to me. "Still blood?"

(He further arouses himself, takes snuff vehemently, and looks through his glass)

What time is it? - Ah, these assaults of Ney's!
They are a blunder; they've been enterprised
An hour too early! ..... There Lheritier goes
Onward with his division next Milhaud;
Now Kellermann must follow up with his.
So one mistake makes many. Yes; ay; yes!

SOULT

I fear that Ney has compromised us here
Just as at Jena; even worse!

NAPOLEON

No less
Must we support him now he is launched on it .....
The miracle is that he is still alive!
Their cannon are abandoned; and their squares

SCENE VIII.

The same. The French Position.

Ney's charge of cavalry against them has been three times renewed without success. He collects the scattered squadrons to renew it a fourth time. The glittering host again ascends the slopes over the bodies of those previously left there, and amid horses wandering about without riders, or crying as they lie with limbs broken.

Napoleon has fallen into a drowsy stupefaction while looking on near the farm of Rossomme, till he nods in momentary sleep.

(Starting up)

A horrible dream has gripped me - horrible!
I saw before me Lannes - just as he looked
That day at Aspern: mutilated, bleeding!
"What - blood again?" he said to me. "Still blood?"

(He further arouses himself, takes snuff vehemently, and looks through his glass)

What time is it? - Ah, these results of Ney's!
They are a blunder; they've been enterprised
An hour too early! ..... There Lobrittar goes
Onward with his division next Milhaud;
Now Kellermann must follow up with his.
So one mistake makes many. Yes; ay; yes!

I fear that Ney has compromised us here
Just as at Jena; even worse!

No Jena
Must we support him now he is launched on it .....
The miracle is that he is still alive!
Their cannon are abandoned; and their squares

Again environed - see! I would to God
Murat could but be here! Yet I disdained
His proferred service ..... All my star asks now
Is to break some half-dozen of those blocks
Of English yonder. He was the man to do it.

(An AIDE DE CAMP ENTERS to NAPOLEON)

AIDE

The Prussians have debouched on our right rear
From Paris-wood; and Losthin's infantry
Appear by Plancenoit; Hiller's to leftwards.
Two regiments of their horse protect their front,
And three light batteries.

(A haggard shade crosses NAPOLEON's face.)

NAPOLEON

What then! That's not a startling force as yet.
A counter-stroke by Domon's cavalry
Must shatter them. Lobau must bring his foot
Up forward, heading for the Prussian front.

(EXIT AIDE)

(ENTER another AIDE-DE-CAMP)

AIDE

These tidings I report, your Majesty:-
Von Ryssel's and von Hacke's Prussian foot
Have lately sallied from the Wood of Paris,
Bearing on us; no vast array as yet;
But twenty thousand loom not far behind
These vanward marchers!

NAPOLEON

Ah! They swarm thus thickly
But be they hell's own legions we'll defy them! -
Lobau's men will stand firm.

(He looks in the direction of the English lines, where NEY's cavalry-assaults still linger furiously on)

But who rides hither,
Spotting the sky with clods in his high haste?

SOULT

It looks like Colonel Heymes - come from Ney.

SOULT

It looks like Colonel Neymes - come from Ney.
Spotting the sky with clods in his high hauteur,
But who rides hither,
Furiously on)
(He looks in the direction of the English lines,
where NEY's cavalry-remnants still linger

NAPOLEON

Lobau's men will stand firm.
But be they Ney's own legions we'll defy them! -
Ah! They swarm thus thickly
These vaunward motions!
But twenty thousand loom not far behind
Bearing on us; no vast array in yet;
Have lately sallied from the Wood of Paris,
Von Bysseł's and von Hacke's Prussian foot

AIDE

These tidings I report, your Majesty:-
(EXIT AIDE)

(ENTER another AIDE-DE-CAMP)

Up forward, heading for the Prussian front.
Must shatter them. Lobau must bring his foot
A counter-stroke by Domon's cavalry
What then! That's not a startling force as yet.

NAPOLEON

(A beggared shade crosses NAPOLEON's face.)

And three light batteries.
Two regiments of their horse protect their front,
Appear by Planchenoit; Hiller's to leftwards.
From Paris-wood; and Losthin's infantry
The Prussians have debouched on our right rear

AIDE

Or English yonder. He was the man to do it.
Is to break some half-dozen of those blocks
His preferred service ..... All my star sake now
Murat could but be here! Yet I disdained
Again entwined - ssss! I would to God

(An AIDE DE CAMP ENTERS to NAPOLEON)

NAPOLEON (Sullenly)
And his face shows what clef his music's in!

(ENTER COLONEL HEYMES, blood-stained, muddy, and breathless)

HEYMES
The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent
Immediately, to further his attack.
They cannot be dispensed with, save we fail!

NAPOLEON (Furiously)
Infantry! Where the sacred God thinks he
I can find infantry for him! Forsooth,
Does he expect me to create them - eh?
Why sends he such a message, seeing well
How we are straightened here!

HEYMES
Such was the prayer
Of my commission, sire. And I may say
That I myself have seen his strokes must waste
Without such backing.

NAPOLEON
Why?

HEYMES
Our cavalry
Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the furnace-throats
Of the English cannon as a breastwork built
Of reeking corpses. But I see,
Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
And will return and say so.

(EXIT HEYMES)

NAPOLEON (to SOULT, sadly)
Ney does win me!
I fain would strengthen him. - Within an ace
Of breaking down the English as he is,
'Twould write upon the sunset "Victory!" -
But whom may spare we from the right here now?
No single man! Life's curse begins, I see,
With helplessness! ..... All I can compass is
To send Durutte to fall on Papelotte,

NAPOLEON

(Sullenly)

And his face shows what olef his master's in!

(ENTER COLONEL HEYMES, blood-stained, muddy, and breathless)

HEYMES

The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent
Immediately, to further his attack.
They cannot be dispensed with, save we fail!

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(Furiously)

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Does he expect me to create them - eh?
Why sends he such a message, seeing well
How we are straightened here!

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Of my commission, sire. And I may say
That I myself have seen his strokes must waste
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Why?

HEYMES

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Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the furnace-
throats
Of the English cannon as a breastwork built
Of reeking corpses. But I see,
Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
And will return and say so.

(EXIT HEYMES)

NAPOLEON

(to SOULT, madly) Ney does win me!
I fain would strengthen him. - Within an ace
Of breaking down the English as he is,
'Would write upon the answer "Victory!" -
But whom may spare we from the right here now?
No single man! Life's curse begins, I see,
With helplessness! ..... All I can compass is
To send Durette to fall on Pegelotte,

**And yet more strongly occupy La Haye,
To cut off Bülow's right from bearing up
And checking Ney's attack. Further than this
None but the Gods can scheme!**

(SOULT hastily begins writing orders to that effect. The point of view shifts.)

And yet more strongly occupy Im Hoye,
To cut off Bulow's right from bearing up
And checking Ney's attack. Further than this
None but the Gods can achieve!

(SOULT hastily begins writing orders to that effect. The point of view shifts.)

SCENE IX.

The same. The English Position.

(N.B. One narrative should connect these scenes)

READER — Meanwhile on the English side there is no relaxation. Wellington, Uxbridge, Hill, De Lancey, Gordon, and others, are seen near the middle of the line.

SEMICHORUS I (S) — It is a moment when the steadiest pulse
Thuds pit-a-pat. The crises shapes and nears
For Wellington as for his counter-chief!

SEMICHORUS II (A) — The hour is shaking him, unshakeable
As he may seem!

WELLINGTON — (To UXBRIDGE)
Manoeuvring does not seem to animate
Napoleon's methods now. Forward he comes,
And pounds away on us in the ancient style,
Till he is beaten back in the ancient style;
And so the see-saw sways!

(The din increases. WELLINGTON's aide-de-camp SIR A. GORDON, a little in his rear, falls mortally wounded. The DUKE turns quickly)

But where is Gordon?
Ah - hit is he! That's bad, that's bad, by God.

(GORDON is removed. An AIDE ENTERS)

AIDE — Your Grace, the Colonel Ompteda has fallen,
And La Haye Sainte is now a bath of blood.
Nothing more can be done there, save with help.
The Rifles suffer sharply!

(An AIDE is seen coming from KEMPT)

SCENE IX.

The same. The English Position.

(N.B. One narrative should connect these scenes)

Meanwhile on the English side there is no relaxation. Wellington, Uxbridge, Hill, De Lancey, Gordon, and others, are seen near the middle of the line.

It is a moment when the steadiest pulse Thrubs pit-a-pat. The critical shapes and nerve For Wellington as for his counter-chief!

The hour is shaking him, unshakeable
As he may seem!

(To UXBRIDGE)

Manoeuvring does not seem to animate
Napoleon's methods now. Forward he comes,
And pounds away on us in the ancient style,
Till he is beaten back in the ancient style;
And so the see-saw sways!

(The din increases. WELLINGTON's side-de-camp SIR A. GORDON, a little in his rear, falls mortally wounded. The DUKE turns quickly)

Ah - hit is he! That's bad, that's bad, by God.
But where is Gordon?

(GORDON is removed. An AIDE ENTERS)

Your Grace, the Colonel Ompteda has fallen,
And La Haye Sainte is now a bath of blood.
Nothing more can be done there, save with help.
The Rifles suffer sharply!

(An AIDE is seen coming from KEMPT)

WELLINGTON — What says he?

DE LANCEY — He says that Kempt, being riddled through and thinned
Sends him for reinforcements.

WELLINGTON — (With heat) Reinforcements?
And where am I to get him reinforcements.
In Heaven's name! I've no reinforcements here,
As he should know.

AIDE — (Hesitating) What's to be done, your Grace?

WELLINGTON — Done? Those he has left him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field!

(EXIT AIDE)

HILL — (Approaching)
I strongly feel you stand too much exposed!

WELLINGTON — I know, I know. It matters not one damn!
I amy as well be shot as not perceive
What ills are raging here.

HILL — Conceding such,
And as you may be ended momently,
A truth there is no blinking, what commands
Have you to leave me, should fate shape it so?

WELLINGTON — These simply; to hold out unto the last,
As long as one man stands on one lame leg
With one ball in his pouch! - then end as I.

READER — While they watch developments Fitzroy Somerset, Wellington's military secretary, comes up with information. A cannon-shot passes and knocks his right arm to a mash.
Lifting our eyes we perceive Ney and Friant leading forward the last and most desperate assualt of the day, in charges of the Old and Middle Guard.
It is between seven and eight o'clock, and

WELLINGTON

DE LANCEY

WELLINGTON

AIDE

WELLINGTON

HILL

WELLINGTON

HILL

WELLINGTON

KREADER

It is between seven and eight o'clock, and
Middle Guard.
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leading forward the last and most desperate
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Wellington's military secretary, comes up with
While they watch developments Pitzroy Somerset,

With one ball in his pouch! - then and as I.
As long as one man stands on one lame leg
These simply: to hold out unto the last,
Have you to leave me, should Fate shape it so?
A truth there is no blinking, what commands
And as you may be ended momently,
Consoling such,

What ills are raging here.
I may as well be shot as not perceive
I know, I know. It matters not one damn!
I strongly feel you stand too much exposed!

(Appreciating)

(EXIT AIDE)

Done? Those he has left him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field!

(Hesitating) What's to be done, Your Grace?

As he should know.
In Heaven's name! I've no reinforcements here,
And where am I to get him reinforcements?
(With heat) Reinforcements?

Sends him for reinforcements.
thinned
He says that Kempt, being riddled through and

What says he?

the midsummer evening is fine after the wet night and morning, the sun approaching its setting in a sky of gorgeous colour.
The picked and toughened French Guard, many of whom stood in the ranks at Austerlitz and Wagram, have been drawn up in three or four echelons, the foremost of which now advances up the slopes to the Allies' position in face of their artillery.
The others follow at intervals, the drums rolling out the "pas de charge".

SEMICHORUS I (S)

(Aerial music)
Twice thirty throats of couchant cannonry
Ranked in a hollow curve, to close their blaze
Upon the advancing files - wait silently
Like to black bulls at gaze.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The Guard approaches nearer and more near:
To touch-hole moves each match of smoky sheen
The ordnance roars: the van-ranks disappear
As if wiped off the scene.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

The aged Friant falls as it resounds;
Ney's charger drops - his fifth on this sore day -
It's rider from the quivering body bounds
And forward foots his way.

SEMICHORUS II (A)

The cloven columns tread the English height,
Seize guns, repulse battalions rank by rank
While horse and foot artillery heavily bite
Into their front and flank.

CHORUS (S & A)

It nulls the power of a flesh-built frame
To live within that zone of missiles. Back
The Old Guard, staggering, climbs to whence it came.
The fallen define its track!

READER

The second echelon of the Imperial Guard comes up to the assault. Its columns bear upon Halkett's

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out the "pas de charge".

(Aerial music)

Twice thirty thrusts of couchant cannonry
Ranked in a hollow curve, to close their blaze
Upon the advancing files - wait silently.
Like to black hulls at grass.

The Guard approaches nearer and more near:
To touch-hole moves each match of smoky sheen
The ordnance roars: the van-ranks disappear
As if wiped off the scene.

The aged Titant falls as it resounds;
Nay, a charger drops - his fifth on this sore day -
It's rider from the quivering body bounds
And forward foots his way.

The cloven columns tread the English height,
Seize guns, requite battalions rank by rank
While horse and foot artillery heavily bite
Into their front and flank.

It nulls the power of a flesh-built frame
To live within that zone of missiles. Back
The Old Guard, staggering, climbs to whence it came.
The fallen defines its track!

The second advance of the Imperial Guard comes
up to the assault. Its columns bear upon Halkett's

right. Halkett, desperate to keep his wavering men firm, himself seizes and waves the flag of the Thirty-third, in which act he falls wounded. But the men rally. Meanwhile the Fifty-second, covered by the Seventy-first, advances across the front, and charges the Imperial Guard on the flank.
Now the third echelon arrives at the English lines and squares. It rushes through the very focus of their fire, and seeing nothing more in front, raises a shout.

IMPERIAL GUARD The Emperor! It's victory!

WELLINGTON Stand up, Guards!
Form line upon the front face of the square!

READER Two thousand of Maitland's Guards, hidden in the hollow roadway, spring up. The flints of their firelocks click in a multitude, the pans flash, and volley after volley is poured into the bear-skinned figures of the massed Frenchmen!

WELLINGTON Now drive the fellows in! They will not stand.

READER Then Adam's brigade, including the Fifty-second under Colonel Colborne come up to the Attack.

COLBORNE (Shouting)
Forward! Right shoulders forward, Fifty-second!

WELLINGTON Ha, Colborne - you say well! Go on; go on
You'll do it now!

READER And Colborne's men converge on the French Guard, which splits into two. Adam, Maitland, and he push home their advantage. The Imperial columns are broken.

WELLINGTON Campbell, this order next:
Vivian's hussars are to support, and bear
Against the cavalry towards Belle Alliance
Go - let him know.

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men firm, himself seizes and waves the flag of
the Thirty-third, in which act he falls wounded.
But the men rally. Meanwhile the Fifty-second,
covered by the Seventy-first, advances across
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lines and squares. It pushes through the very
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The Emperor! It's victory!

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Against the cavalry towards Belle Alliance
Go - let him know.

IMPERIAL GUARD
WELLINGTON
ADAM
WELLINGTON
MAITLAND
COLBORNE
WELLINGTON
ADAM
WELLINGTON

READER

Campbell departs with the order - Vivian's and Vandeleur's horse are seen advancing. The French cavalry are rolled back.
Wellington - Uxbridge with him - rides towards the hussars. A cannot-shot hisses past.

UXBRIDGE

(Starting) I have lost my leg, by God!

WELLINGTON

By God, and have you! Ay - the wind o' the shot
Blew past the withers of my Copenhagen
Like the foul sweeping of a witch's broom -
Aha - they are giving way!

READER

Uxbridge is helped away. Wellington makes a sign to Saltoun, Colonel of the First Foot-guards.

SALTOUN

(Shouting) Boys, now's your time;
Forward and win!

FRENCH VOICES

The Guard gives way - we are beaten!

READER

Back down the hill they go, carrying confusion into Napoleon's centre, and the Prussians begin to press forward from the other side of the field.
Mark Napoleon, standing alone in the hollow beyond La Haye Sainte. His lips move with a sudden exclamation.

SEMICHORUS I (S)

He says "Now all is lost! The clocks of the world
Strike my last empery-hour."

READER

While the French retreat grows a panic.

FRENCH VOICES

(Despairingly) We are betrayed!

READER

Wellington rides at a gallop to the most salient point of the English position; he halts, and waves his hat as a signal to all the army. He is answered by a cheer along the length of the line.

READER

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the Nuesers. A cannot-shot misses past.

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Like the foul sweeping of a witch's broom -
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READER Wellington rides at a gallop to the most
salient point of the English position; he halts,
and waves his hat as a signal to all the army.
He is answered by a cheer along the length of
the line.

WELLINGTON

No cheering yet, my lads; but bear ahead,
Before the inflamed face of the west out there
Dons blackness. So you'll round your victory!

READER

The few sides left unhurt dart hither and thither with the message. The whole English host and its allies advance in an ordered mass down the hill. Trumpets, drums, and bugles resound with the advance.
The fugitives as they run are cut down and shot by their pursuers, whose clothes and contracted features are blackened by smoke and cartridge-biting, and soiled with blood.
The sun sets.
The slaughter goes on.

SEMICHORUS II

Is this the last Endraelon of a moil
For mortal man's effacement?

SEMICHORUS I

Warfare mere,
Whereby these throngs are driven to demonry
By the Immanent Unrecking!

WELLINGTON

READER

No cheering yet, my lads; but bear ahead,
Before the inflamed face of the west out there
Dons blackness. So you'll round your victory!

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thither with the message. The whole English
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By the Immanent Unreeking!
Warfare mere.

SCENE X.

The wood of Bossu.

READER — It is midnight, Napoleon is found near the wood of Bossu - solitary.

NAPOLEON — (To himself languidly)
Here should have been some troops of Gerard's corps,
Left to protect the passage of the convoys,
Yet they, too, fail ..... I have nothing more to lose,
But life!

SEMICHORUS II (S) — "Sic diis immortalibus placet," -
"Thus is it pleasing to the immortal gods,"
As earthlings used to say. Thus, to this last,
The Will in thee has moved thee, Bonaparte,
As we say now.

NAPOLEON — (Starting)
What frigid tones are those,
Breaking upon my lurid loneliness
So brusquely? .... Yet, 'tis true, I have ever known
That such a Will I passively obeyed!
(He drowses.)

SEMICHORUS I (A) — Nothing care I for these high-doctrined dreams,
And shape the case in quite a common way,
So I would ask, Ajaccian Bonaparte,
Has all this been worth while?

(N.B. The following speech can be cut if time presses.)

NAPOLEON — O hideous hour,
Why am I stung by spectral questionings?
Why did the death-drops fail to bite me close
I took at Fontainebleau? Had I then ceased,
This deep had been unplumbed;
If but a Kremlin cannon-shot had met me

SCENE X.

The wood of Bonsu.

It is midnight, Napoleon is found near the wood of Bonsu - solitary.

(To himself languidly)

Here should have been some troops of Gerard's corps,
Left to protect the passage of the convoys,
Yet they, too, fail ..... I have nothing more to lose,
But life!

"Sic ditis immortalibus placet," -
"Thus is it pleasing to the immortal gods,"
As earthlings used to say. Thus, to this last,
The Will in these has moved these, Bonaparte,
As we say now.

(Starting)

What frigid tones are those,
Breaking upon my lurid loneliness
So brusquely? .... Yet, 'tis true, I have ever known
That such a Will I passively obeyed!
(He drowses.)

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(A)

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And shape the case in quite a common way,
So I would ask, Ajaccian Bonaparte,
Has all this been worth while?

NAPOLEON

(N.B. The following speech can be cut if time presses.)

- O hideous hour,
-Why am I sitting by spectral questionings?
Why did the death-drops fail to bite me close
I took at Fontainebleau? Had I then ceased,
This deep had been unplumbed;
If but a Kremlin cannon-shot had met me

NAPOLEON

SEMICHORUS II
(B)

NAPOLEON

NEARING

My greatness would have stood; I should have scored
A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time.
As it did not, the fates had served me best
If in the thick and thunder of to-day
Like Nelson, Harold, Hector, Cyrus, Saul,
I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,
To wander as a greatened ghost elsewhere.
- Yes, a good death, to have died on yonder field;
But never a ball came passing down my way!
So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me;
And yet - I found the crown of France in the mire,
And with the point of my prevailing sword
I picked it up! But for all this and this
I shall be nothing .....
To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche
In human fame, as once I fondly felt,
Was not for me. I came too late in time
To assume the prophet or the demi-god,
A part past playing now. My only course
To make good shewance to posterity
Was to implant my line upon the throne.
And how shape that, if now extinction nears?
Great men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour!

SEMICHORUS I (S)

Thou sayest well. Thy full meridian-shine
Was in the glory of the Dresden days,
When well-nigh every monarch throned in Europe
Bent at thy footstool.

NAPOLEON

Saving always England's -
Rightly dost say "well-nigh". - Not England's - she,
Whose tough, enisled, self-centred, kindless craft
Has tracked me, springed me, thumbed me by the throat,
And made herself the means of mangling me!

SEMICHORUS I (A)

Yes, the dull peoples and the Dynasts both,
Those counter-castes not oft adjustable,
Interests antagonistic, proud and poor,
Have for the nonce been bonded by a wish
To overthrow thee.

SEMICHORUS II (S)

Peace. His loaded heart
Bears weight enough for one bruised, blistered while!

My greatness would have stood; I should have scored
A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time.
As it did not, the fates had served me best
If in the thick and thunder of to-day
Like Nelson, Hereid, Hector, Cyrus, Saul,
I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,
To wander as a greatened ghost elsewhere.
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And yet - I found the crown of France in the mire,
And with the point of my prevailing sword
I picked it up! But for all this and this
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Was not for me. I came too late in time
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Then sayest well. Thy full meridian-shine
Was in the glory of the Dresden days,
When well-nigh every monarch throned in Europe
Bent at thy footstool.

Saving always England's -
Rightly dost say "well-nigh". - Not England's - she,
Whose tough, entailed, self-centred, kindless stuff
Has tracked me, outraged me, thumbed me by the throat,
And made herself the means of mangling me!

Yes, the dull peoples and the Dynasts both,
Those counter-castes dost-off adjustable,
Interests antagonistic, proud and poor,
Have for the nonce been bonded by a vast
To overthrow thee.

Peace. His loaded heart
Bears weight enough for one bruised, blistered waist!

SEMICHORUS I (A)

Worthless these kneadings of thy narrow thought,
Napoleon; gone thy opportunity!
Such men as thou, who wade across the world
To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,
Are in the elemental ages' chart
Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding;
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must!

(N.B. The Chorus and Semichorus may be cut if time presses and the Epilogue spoken here.)

CHORUS

(Aerial music)
To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
And liftest those of low estate
We sing, with Her men consecrate!

SEMICHORUS II

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

SEMICHORUS I

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain!

SEMICHORUS II

We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loam, to lull it by-and-bye.

SEMICHORUS I

Therefore we quire to highest height
The wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges as by wounds to heal.

SEMICHORUS II

The systemed suns the skies enscroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand!

SEMICHORUS I

(A)

CHORUS

SEMICHORUS II

SEMICHORUS I

SEMICHORUS II

SEMICHORUS I

SEMICHORUS II

Worthless these kneadings of thy narrow thought,
Napoleon; gone thy opportunity!
Such man as thou, who wade across the world
To make an epoch, blare, centuse, appal,
Are in the elemental ages' chart
Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding;
Or as the breeze you that stirs the fire
Because it must!

(N.B. The Chorus and Semichorus may be cut if time presses and the Spirogue spoken here.)

(Aerial music)

To Those whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
And littest those of low estate
We sing, with Her mon concentrate!

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shunn'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan
Bears unaccording to Thy throne,
Though years do not as yet explain
Why Suffering robs Thee in vain!

We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's Idem, to Inn it by-and-bye.

Therefore we gaze to highest heights
The wellwiller, the Kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges us by wounds to heal.

The systemed suns the skies ensroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand!

SEMICHORUS I

And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,
All shall "fulfil their joy" in Thee
In Thee abide eternally!

CHORUS

Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through Whom all living live,
The Alone, in Whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify! Amen.

SEMICHORUS I

And these pale panting multitudes
Soon surging here, their motto, their moods,
All shall "fulfil their joy" in These
In These abide eternally!

CHORUS

Resultant adoration give
The Alone, through Whom all living live,
The Alone, in Whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify! Amen.

EPILOGUE

READER

We have now set forth, in our imperfect way,
Ten years of history as a three hours' play,
Leaving to your quick fancy all, or much,
That made a stern reality of such!

Yet how should art, even thus, call clearly back
Court, camp, and council, battle and bivouac,
The din and uproar of that crashing time
By the mere conjurings of masque and rhyme,
Were it not helped to-day in saddest wise
By sudden sharp events beneath our eyes!
Nation at war with nation, cruel wrong
Inflicted on the weaker by the strong!

May such reminders soon for ever pass,
And war be but a shade on memory's glass,
May Might uphold the injured people's cause,
And Europe move again to genial laws;
May soon succumb all influence malign,
And still the Star of England proudly shine!

God save the King.